



STARDUST  
AND  
DANDELIONS



FREDERIC  
ZEIGEN



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**STARDUST  
AND  
DANDELIONS**



# STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

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BY  
FREDERIC ZEIGEN

Author of "BREEZES FROM THE PINES," "THEROLD  
ARCHER KNOWLTON," etc., etc.

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## To My Many Friends

Whose faith in my ability to do this work has been my greatest inspiration, is this volume affectionately dedicated.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD . . . . .	xi
STARDUST AND DANDELIONS . . . . .	xiii
THE FRIEND—To J. O. C. . . . .	xiv
BALLADS AND SKETCHES	
THE SALE OF OLD DOBBIN . . . . .	3
GROWING OLD . . . . .	7
THE READER . . . . .	8
TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS . . . . .	9
A NOVEMBER DAY . . . . .	11
THE SINGING SCHOOL . . . . .	12
THE COBBLER . . . . .	16
THE HOLLAND MOTHER . . . . .	19
BY GAR, DAT TONY MAN . . . . .	20
THE BROKEN VIOLET . . . . .	22
OUR CLOCK-GOLF DAYS . . . . .	23
IN CHAINS . . . . .	24
POLITICS . . . . .	26
PROHIBITION . . . . .	27
DESPAIR . . . . .	30
THE WHISPERERS . . . . .	33
REVERIE . . . . .	34
SPRING . . . . .	36
OCTOBER . . . . .	37
THE FACE IN THE CAR WINDOW . . . . .	38
HOPE . . . . .	39
THE WEAVER . . . . .	42
SHIP AHOY! . . . . .	50
ODE TO THE SAGINAW . . . . .	55
CHILDREN'S POEMS	
GOOD NIGHT . . . . .	61
WHEN I COME HOME AT NIGHT . . . . .	64
HOW BABY PHYLLIS CAME . . . . .	66
"I'SE DEST A LITTLE DIRL, DADDY" . . . . .	67
SIR BLUE BOTTLE FLY . . . . .	69
OUWOOCHEEGAROO . . . . .	70
MY LITTLE BABY BRUVVER . . . . .	72
THE OOGILITHUMP . . . . .	73

	PAGE
THE BELLS OF SANTA . . . . .	76
"I EXPECT" . . . . .	77
JOHNNY SEES THE COURTIN' . . . . .	80
ROBIN RED BREAST . . . . .	83
LEETLE PETER OOPDYKE . . . . .	85
TOODLUMS IS GONE . . . . .	86
EVENING PRAYER . . . . .	88
A BUSHEL OF SNOW . . . . .	89
GOIN' TO MEET GRAN'MA . . . . .	99
 PATRIOTIC POEMS	
THE GOD OF WAR . . . . .	105
MY NATIVE LAND . . . . .	107
NO COWARDS HERE . . . . .	108
SEEKING THE BEAN . . . . .	109
TAPS . . . . .	111
THE DESERTER . . . . .	113
BULLETS, BULLETS, BULLETS! . . . . .	115
 PEP POEMS	
JUST KEEP A-GOIN' . . . . .	123
SMILIN' THROUGH . . . . .	124
SUCCESS . . . . .	126
THE PEPTOMANIAC . . . . .	127
WHAT, NOT WHO . . . . .	129
SOAK HIM! . . . . .	131
FINE DAY . . . . .	132
LITTLE DOGS YAP AT THE BIG DOG'S HEELS . . . . .	133
THE MAN WITH THE DISH-RAG HEART . . . . .	135
BUCK UP! . . . . .	136
HIT HARD IF YOU HIT AT ALL . . . . .	137
I'LL NOT BE A SLACKER . . . . .	139
THE HEARTY HAND-SHAKE . . . . .	141
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE . . . . .	143
 IN LIGHTER VEIN	
MY DAILY TASK . . . . .	147
A "FURRIN'" TRIP . . . . .	149
WHEN DAISY COW WENT DRY . . . . .	153
THE SIMPLE LIFE . . . . .	154
THE STRENUOUS LIFE . . . . .	155
WEEDS . . . . .	156
SECRETS . . . . .	158
ELAINE, I WOULD LIKE TO BITE THEE . . . . .	160
A SPRING TOAST . . . . .	163
DEATH . . . . .	170
SEABREEZE BEACH IN THE MOONLIGHT . . . . .	172



# CONTENTS

PAGE

## LYRICS OF LOVE

LINES TO LOVE . . . . .	179
TO MY WONDER-GIRL . . . . .	180
GONE SO SOON . . . . .	182
A PLEA . . . . .	183
TO THE GIRL WITH THE OLIVE-TINTED EYES . . . . .	184
ALACK A DAY . . . . .	185
GEORGIA . . . . .	186
BUT ONE . . . . .	188
TO THEE . . . . .	189
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN . . . . .	190
HEARTACHE . . . . .	192
WHEN I MEET HER AGAIN . . . . .	194
"THOUGHTS, IDLE THOUGHTS" . . . . .	195
THE KNIGHT'S REPLY . . . . .	197
WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS, DEAR . . . . .	199
LONGING . . . . .	200

## MEDITATIVE POEMS

MY SILENT FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY . . . . .	203
THE CHIMES . . . . .	205
STEDMAN . . . . .	207
TO EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . . .	208
TO-DAY IS THE TO-MORROW OF YESTERDAY . . . . .	209
THE STORM . . . . .	231
MISUNDERSTOOD . . . . .	234
AFTER ALL . . . . .	236
THE BIRTH . . . . .	238
IN EXCELSIS . . . . .	240
THE SUICIDE . . . . .	242
TO KNOW THY GOD . . . . .	243
THE CRIMINAL . . . . .	244
THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE . . . . .	247
SOLLOQUY . . . . .	250
THE PAST . . . . .	252
THE MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX . . . . .	253
THE COSMIC URGE . . . . .	255
THE DOOM . . . . .	261
GRADUATION ODE . . . . .	274
L'ENVOI . . . . .	281



## INTRODUCTION

In giving this little book of verse to the public, I feel that Frederic Zeigen, its author, is in a way doing more than many men and women who have achieved their niche in that hall of fame to which all poets aspire. For, born of literary and musical stock, and being, above all else, a dreamer, and idealist and a visionary, the force of circumstances, instead of directing him into the creative channels for which he was so eminently fitted, made of him a business man—and a good business man at that, a constructionist of the highest type in physical things, a man of finance, and of cold, deliberate business brains.

Yet this force of circumstance could not, and has not destroyed the other side of him, so that to me—regarding him as a friend—he is an amazing combination of the poetic and the practical; the practical side of him wrought by necessity, the poetic by birth and temperament. For this reason, I say, he has achieved what some poets of great reputation have not, for he has shown that the man buried deep in the every-day necessities of a hard practical life need not lose the finer things born in him, but may, indeed, rise to high inspiration because of this pitiless strife among men in the building of physical things. Because I have found many things in his writings that are worth while, I feel somewhat responsible for the appearance of this book, and believe that it presents to the reader more of the man than I, even though a friend, can

describe. And not only as a friend, but as a critic, I have very great faith in what lies between the two covers of this book.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

Owosso, December 21, 1921.

## STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

Stardust and dandelions—

A hope of nobler things,  
A hint of flowers in the dale,  
A thought caught on fleet wings;  
An earnest of the breath of Spring,  
A fantasy of mirth,  
A flight above the vaulted skies,  
An arrow dropped to earth.

A star exploded in vast space  
Its diamond dust scattered round,  
Each speck has made another soul,  
Or formed a flower on the ground;  
Some dust-mites shaped the best in life,  
While some proved not so fine,  
Some shaped the hearts, the souls of babes,  
And some the lowly dandelion.

## THE FRIEND

TO J. O. C.

Mighty few men you can call a good friend,  
Who will stick thru thick and thin;  
Mighty few fellows can be a true pal,  
Right there when the troubles begin;  
Mighty few hands that will hold you up  
When the footsteps have started to lag;  
And less than a twain will ask you to sup  
His last crust or share his last rag.

Yes, mighty few friends in this envious world,  
Who will back you when all others fail,  
Who will give you a boost, and grasp your weak hand  
When your spirit begins to quail.  
And mighty few friends—yes, almighty few—  
Will believe you when slanders abound,  
When the Hounds of Malice have bayed at your heels  
And almost have run you to ground.

But sometimes you find, just once in an age,  
That a friend—a good friend and true—  
Will spring to your side and fight for your hide,  
Because he's a friend to just you;  
And tho modest and quiet, nor vaunting his love,  
In the grasp of his hand we can see  
What his brave even eye can never deny,—  
That faith for just you, or for me.

**BALLADS AND SKETCHES**





# BALLADS AND SKETCHES

## THE SALE OF OLD DOBBIN

“How much am I bid for Old Dobbin?”  
The raucous voice droned the sound  
As a smile lumed the face of the knockers,  
And a gathering grin went round.  
“How much is he bid for Old Dobbin?”  
Just look at his skinny old side!  
Just glance at the film-crust ed eyelids,  
And the hair as it hangs from his hide!”

“How much am I bid for Old Dobbin?”  
Persisted the auctioneer bold,  
“He’s the smartest old hoss in eight counties,  
And runs like a streak, I’ve been told.  
How much am I bid for Old Dobbin?  
Why, men, don’t you know what is up?  
Come! Squint at his teeth and his fore hoof,  
(Here, boy, just a swig from that cup.)

“How much am I bid for Old Dobbin?”  
Run it high if a bid you can make.  
That’s the nag which won our big Derby,  
And captured Death’s handicap stake.  
Bid up, bid up on Old Dobbin!  
Hi there! you long-whiskered lout!  
Start the price on this last of the reindeer,  
Once the boast of every old tout.

## STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

“Ten, do I hear on Old Dobbin?  
Why, why, men, that’s almost a shame!  
Best stock of sire Vixen of Norway;  
Good blood! And Eagle his dame.  
Lurd! folks, just glance at old Grandpa,—  
He’s sobbing there almost alone;  
He’s lost his every last penny  
And even Old Dobbin is goin’!

“Oh, well I remember the story  
How Dobbin, that shambling nag there,  
Made a wonderful race one winter  
And busted the record for fair.  
'Twas the year of the great black blizzard;  
Whole sections lay deep 'neath the pall,  
And everywhere piled high like mountains  
The snow-pack had drift like a wall;

“And fever and death crushed our valley,  
With the Doctor miles away;  
All the babes in the village were dying,  
And no one to save them that day.  
Not one of you dared brave that tempest,  
Till Grandpa there put on his hat  
And hitched to his sled this poor Dobbin,—  
Why neighbors,—have you forgot that?

“And every one said ‘couldn’t do it,’  
And mothers gave up in despair,  
But mountains of ice had no terrors  
For Grandpa and Old Dobbin there.  
Over the snow they went plunging,  
Deep into the swirling storm’s gloom,  
And it seemed that now came the death blow,  
For Old Dobbin must sure meet his doom.

“Oh, the struggle, the fight they made of it!  
Oh, despair hung oft on his brow,  
But the babies they needed the Doctor,—  
Men, don't you remember it now?  
Up to their neck then they waded!  
Inch by inch fought through the snow!  
And all that they thought of was Rescue,  
For the Doctor to cheer our sad woe.

“And he sobbed at the still little bodies  
Of our babies gasping their last,  
And his eyes brimmed with tears of great sorrow,  
At the woe of the mothers he passed.  
So he fought through the storm with grim fervor  
To get to that Doctor some way.  
Why! 'twas all his life was worth, men  
To be out through that long cold day.

“The cold was way below zero,  
You could hardly see 'cross the road,  
And even to look out the window  
Would freeze your over-chilled blood.  
But Old Dobbin and Grandpa persisted!  
They struggled, they clashed 'gainst Grim Death  
Till after nine hours of hard battle  
They reached the Doctor's warm hearth.

“So, how much am I bid for Old Dobbin?  
Twenty-five, did I hear from that gent?  
Just wait till I tell all my story  
Of Old Dobbin and Grandpa Kent.  
Doc wouldn't come in the blizzard,  
But Grandpa with fingers of ice  
Just grabbed him and bound him together  
And held him in like a steel vise.

## 6      STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

“Then bundled him into the lap-robe,  
And off they flew on the home trail—  
On, on through the fiends of the blizzard,  
Far on, through the death-dealing gale.  
They fought for the trail in the darkness,  
And filled with the frenzy of strife  
Fighting their way through the snowdrifts,  
They battled for your babies’ life!

“As the first break of dawn tinged the sky-line,  
'Bout frozen and near in despair,  
They came to your house, old John Roger,  
And saved your little one there.  
And then to yours, grizzly Tom Bowin,  
They brought your baby to live,—  
Come, boys, I think it about time that  
Some fellows had learned how to give.

“All through the village went Grandpa  
With the Doctor who alone could save,  
And only one or two of the toddlers  
Were finally laid deep in their grave.  
Tom Smith, and you Jacob Saunders,  
And you Tilly Squires, and the Frys,—  
Oh, yes, just cry there a little,—  
Ah,—tears in every one’s eyes?

“For Grandpa was so frozen that blizzard  
That he could never work from that day;  
And there he sits in his sorrow,  
While you take his old home away!  
How much am I bid there, you fellows,  
One Hundred? is that what I hear?  
One Thousand? Let’s take a collection,—  
God bless you! Now every one cheer!”

## GROWING OLD

We may be growing old, Dear,  
The sands are sinking fast;  
But still our love we hold, Dear,  
Our faith unto the last.

Throughout the struggling years, Dear,  
We faced the angry Fates,  
We fought the wolf who howled in vain  
And rattled at our gates.

And through it all we held our love,  
We cherished well our oath;  
For all our joy came from above,  
And God has blessed us both.

Yes, we may be growing old, Dear,  
But God has loved us well,  
Our children live a life of trust,  
And in "His Name" we dwell.

## THE READER

In she came from the market,  
 Eyes full-liquid, glowing proud,  
 For his dinner she had purchased  
 From the huckster, blatting loud,—  
 New-dressed pullet, onions, fish,  
 Lettuce, celery, spuds, and meal,  
 Figs, and prunes,—a royal dish,  
 And good things for the stomach's weal.

But now she pauses at the door,  
 And hesitates before the shelf,  
 Her basket drops upon the floor,  
 And she forgets her housewife self;  
 For there a book with charmed page  
 Smiles up and beckons for a peek,—  
 Ah, just one moment, just an age,  
 Might as well just take a week;  
 Forgotten is her morning hour,  
 Unthought her liege lord's soon return,  
 For her, Knighthood was still in flower,  
 Nor recks she of his anger stern,  
 For deep she reads and on and on  
 Until the time for work is gone.

Ah, what doth she read?  
 Aristotle? Curwood? Hume? McGrath?  
 Some love-tale of the distant past?  
 Some honeyed poem of gay today?  
 I hope it is my book,—I pray,—  
 I wonder, ah, what doth she read?

## TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

Hidden from view, covered with dew,  
Shy as the breeze on a cool summer morn;  
Under the soft clinging sod are you born,  
Close to the clasp of fond mother earth;  
Born from the gloom into fragrant mirth,  
Bashful and shy with down-looking eye,  
Hidden from gaze to conceal your pure worth,  
You trail, sweet arbutus, a redolent birth  
From the bed of the fairies to the babe of the sky.

Pink be your buds, shrouded with hoods  
That screen you from sight of the merry-elf child;  
But the tenderest step of the undefiled  
Will crush you and turn you to yellow sear,  
And make the poor fairy to shed its sad tear;  
Yet th' aroma of death gives a far sweeter breath,  
And fills with its soul the perfumed still air  
That steals to the moon and everywhere,  
Like the incense that rises from the altar of Lethe.

Far in yon vale you breathe your low tale  
To the spring that soft murmurs and trickles about;  
While down yon green mound you trellis without  
One finger of mortal to guide your blind way,  
Yet gently you creep from Life's glaring day  
In the soft swaying grasses, beneath the full masses  
Of wintergreen berries and sweet-smelling vines,  
Of clustering violets and far purpled pines,  
And love, then, to dream in the green silken mosses.



Trailing your way from the bright fervid day,  
Too gentle to meet the bold stare of fierce noon,  
Or the passion of Apollo, or the kiss of pale Moon;  
If you have a path 'neath the damp of the gloom,  
And can give forth your fragrance in pink-blossomed  
bloom,

Then strive MY Soul, too; live purer and true,  
That my low-bowered path with laughter and song  
Will make the weak strong, tho far from the throng;  
And do in my gloom what 'tis noblest to do.



## A NOVEMBER DAY

## MORNING

The morn is cold and dank and dreary,  
And a fog hangs over the town;  
And the wind, it mourns and moans so eerie  
That the sky has put on a frown  
And the ice-bound limbs on the naked trees  
Fling out their arms, and sob, and freeze;  
And the sleet keeps driving down.

## NOON

The noon is wet and cold and dreary,  
And the clouds are hovering low,  
Like the mists of death that were never weary  
From the pits of Infernus to flow:  
And the dull grey gloom of the distant hill  
Seems to shudder and shake with an ague chill—  
And the world is full of woe.

## NIGHT

The night is wet and chill and dreary,  
And the sky is dark as the tomb;  
And even the swallows have fled from their eyry,  
While the flowers have met their sad doom;  
But the scurrying clouds in yon vaulted sky  
Reflect the lights that guide us on high,  
And a star pierces the gloom.

## PRAYER

O, Star! O light of another world,  
Teach us thy sacred story,  
Teach us to hope e'en through the gloom,  
Lift us above our lesser doom,—  
Ah! Let us reflect thy glory!

## THE SINGING SCHOOL

Wednesday night, and down the winding, ice-bound road,  
From every farm and cottage by the way,  
Many laughing maids in cutters, load on load,  
Come jingling past, and shout full merrily.  
And bashful, awkward swains in new-pressed Sunday  
best,  
Guide the prancing teams, and answer to the jest.

Cold the air, and clear as crystal. Far o'er head,  
Like chilly diamonds strewn with lavish hand  
On a ground of priceless velvet, black, there sped  
The sparkling stars—fast driven by the wand  
Of night. While pale Aurora, flashing grandly high,  
Spreads a fan of glory 'cross the northern sky.

Ruddy cheeks glow with the fire of pulsing life,  
Thrice-kissed by the frosty winter air;  
Sparkling eyes are dancing fast, with mischief rife,  
And vie the deep-set stars their task to share:  
While through the dark comes merry sound of bells—  
Bounded by exuberant girlish chorus swells.

Like a phantom grim the schoolhouse through the night  
Looms hazily, with white the shivering eaves  
Where the silver moonbeams play with icy light,  
And freeze upon the panes in feathery leaves.  
But soon within a ruddy glow fills up the room,  
Banishing the winter chill and arctic gloom.

Fast they come, with merry shout and stamp of foot,  
With cheery voice and red, half-frozen faces;  
Pounding knuckles, pinching nose, and kicking boot  
To force their chilled blood into its tingling places;  
And stand around the crackling pile of burning pines  
In the caverned grate, to heat their icy spines.

Cheery voices hail each new-appearing swain,  
And boisterous laughter sounds upon the air  
As some merry jest or joke is told again  
About some bashful beau or luckless pair;  
Recounting how the boom has broken in the flood,  
Smashing bridge and raging wild through gloom-lit wood.

How the blood-mouthed wolf was pursued to his lair,  
Or how the red-man fierce betrayed his tribe.  
Listening, bold-eyed maidens puff their wrinkled hair  
And give a tart reply to every sly-sent gibe;  
While shrill above this babble, like the clash of gongs,  
Rises the discord of the new-learnt backwoods songs.

Heavy bassos gruffly mumble o'er the air,  
And tripling trebles catch the rude refrain,  
Shrilly mingling with the fire's sullen roar,  
Until the backwoods tales are told again:  
When soon a chuckling voice is heard above the rest,  
And the "Master" taps to put their lungs to test.

Like a pack of playful clowns, the burly boys,  
With many awkward strides and curt grimaces,  
Take their separate books with boisterous noise,  
And then pretend that they've forgot their places.  
The master, jolly, full of nature's broader fun,  
Banters with his class to urge them quickly on.

Giggling low, with half-bold look from brightened eye,  
 Or some with timid step and sly restraint,  
 Trip the maidens to their seats,—the gallants sigh—  
 And there they pucker up their lips in dimples quaint.  
 The master nods his shining head in bursting pride;  
 Here are lasses worth many a zero ride.

Dominie, dressed in costume 'couth and passing strange,  
 With home-spun gray, and cravat broadly white,  
 Tries to curb the riotous spirits of the range  
 By rapping with the emblem of his might.  
 His shadow, silhouetted dark against the wall,  
 Like a floundering eagle from the rafters pall.

Calmly glancing round upon the buoyant school,  
 He selects a song, a relic of the war,  
 Lifting high his wand, a three-foot blackboard rule,  
 He would begin. They're wilder than before.  
 It seems as though the chill of this crisp night  
 Has filled their veins with bubbling nectars of delight.  
 Protests are vain; and with the license of the strong,  
 The master berates the singers loud and long:

“Quit yer chaffin’!  
 Stop your laughin’!  
 Don’t you see I’m almost mad?  
 Johnny Eckers,  
 Stop those snickers!  
 Or, be’gosh, I’ll tell yer dad!  
 Molly Bowder,  
 Yew sing louder!  
 People like tew hear yer voice,  
 And a bumpkin,  
 Like a pumpkin,  
 Thinks that yew air purty nice.  
 Now, Joe Haskel,  
 You sly rascal,  
 Put away thet pipe at once!

Hi there, Billy!  
Don't hug Tilly!  
Folks'll think thet you're a dunce!  
Now, together!  
Let'er sliver!  
Make a noise, and yell right stout!  
Look at me!  
Now! One! Two! Three!"—  
And all too soon the school was out.

## THE COBBLER

Tap, tap, tap, tap, the busy hammer goes,  
Tapping here and tapping there, the tiny pegs in double  
rows.

Busily the fingers fly,  
Following the glance of eye;  
Turning seam and riveting,  
Smoothing clean and beveling;  
Honest, careful, noble, true,  
His wrinkled fingers work away  
Like busy elfins, all the day,  
And do whate'er they find to do.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, the busy hammer goes,  
Happy is the cobbler there,—he does not brood o'er  
rankling woes,

How I love to watch him work!  
Not a toe nor heel he'd shirk;  
True as steel, with heart of gold,  
As full of love as life will hold.  
His leather apron light is furled,  
Like rope around the capstan bar;  
He pleads for peace, he loves not war,  
And is at rest with all the world.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, the busy hammer goes;  
How the children crowd around, as they hear the  
thudding blows.

They love to see the nimble stroke,  
They love that ancient hat and cloak;  
And round his littered bench they stand  
An eager, youthful, happy band.  
One chubby child climbs on his knee



With confident and sunny smile,  
And then he tells them stories, while  
They listen in their childish glee.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, the busy hammer goes;  
His furrowed forehead, wrinkled cheek, with worthy  
labor glows.

A quiet man the cobbler is;  
A lowly life, yet noble, his;  
Working there and laboring,  
Each task an honest close to bring.  
His rough exterior, lowly mien,  
In dingy shop, and littered floor,  
Like diamond-clay with glittering core,  
Has hidden deep a soul within.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, the busy hammer goes,  
While from the trembling, aged lips the song of boyhood  
flows.

He forward looks to future grace,  
And hopes to see Him face to face.  
At night he hears the angels sing,  
Lists to the rustling of their wing,  
Like zephyrs soft from Italy's shore.  
The harp-songs make his heart rejoice;  
He thrills to hear one soul-filled voice,  
And fain would hearken evermore.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, his busy hammer goes,  
The frosts of winter on his face and in his hair the snows.

He sees again that dreary day  
His second soul did pass away;  
And following slowly, one by one,  
His loving children all have gone  
Like wilting flowers in the blast.  
Yet cheerful does he ply his trade,  
While memory-faces rise and fade  
Like phantoms from a happy past.

18.      STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

Tap, tap, tap, tap, the busy heart-beats go,  
Tapping off the hours of man, be he high or low.  
    Thank thee, thank thee, aged man!  
    Thy face is sear, thine eyes are wan.  
    But through thy gentle life thou'st wove  
    Patience, calmness, hope and love;  
    And thus should we, both old and young,  
    Perform our duties hopefully,  
    And nobly toil from day to day  
    Contented, honest, tho' unsung.



## THE HOLLAND MOTHER

She breathed a prayer, a sigh of hope,  
A wishful sob that with fear did cope,  
And through her future-turned prophet eyes  
She visioned for her child the myriad of joys  
That she fain would endow the sleeping babe  
That snuggled and cuddled in the tufted glebe.  
A prayer rose straight from that mother's breast  
And lodged on high where the angels rest,  
For her voice was sweet and soft and low,  
And thrilled with its yearnings in the firelight's glow;  
"Oh God," she whispered, "I ne'er would shirk  
The deeper pains,—just bless my work,  
And help me to fashion this unbruised soul  
So soon it may reach the noblest goal.  
And humbly, earnestly, God, I pray,  
Grant me strength to lead him each day,  
Meekly, gently at thy behest,  
Till he finds peace on Jesus' breast."

And if there is a God that looks down from above,  
A Being that blesses a sweet mother's love,  
Then he paused in his toil on that summer's day  
And smiled a divine smile as He heard her pray.  
And Oh, I know that He blessed her then,  
And left a charm till He should come again;  
For in all the world there is nought so mild  
As the prayer of a mother o'er her sleeping child,  
And nought in the world can such power impart  
As the Love that is couched in a good mother's heart.

## BY GAR, DAT TONY MAN

By Gar! dat Tony Man,—  
He get my goat for sure!  
He talk just like a pelican  
And sleep upon de floor.  
He naiver buy one leet Sheroot,  
And give his friend no treat,  
But just he take his leetle mon  
And gwan right down de street.

By Gar, dat Tony Man,  
He naiver buy de beer!  
But only drink his sugar wine  
When no one else is near,  
And when he eat da noonday lunch,  
My, wat a stingy bloke!  
A pinch of garlic on his bread,  
And macaron to choke.

By Gar, dat Tony Man,  
He make me good and mad!  
He sing and yell like awful hell,  
And say he pretty glad.  
So when I ask what it's about  
He grins like mulliken ape,  
And says he soon will have his wife,  
And see his leetle bape.

By Gar, dat Tony Man,  
I'd like to wring his neck!  
He wears old clothes like thirty cents,  
And looks worse than a Mick.  
Some day I get my dander up,

And hit him with a brick  
He make me boil all through and through;  
Just watch me when I kick!

By Gar! dat Tony Man,—  
What's dat? Man in de drink?  
Oh vell, if any chump can't swim  
Just let de ol' fool sink.  
Huh? What? It's Tony Man?  
And Tony, he can't swim?  
By Gar, get out, you bunch of waps,—  
You bet, we got save *him*!

By Gar! Save Tony Man,—  
Why he my only friend.  
He shout and sing mos' every day,  
My pal—you understand?  
So here I go, jump in de flume,  
What care I for de death;  
You bet I save dat Tony Man—  
If he still got his breath!

## THE BROKEN VIOLET

Two little violets, dainty and sweet,  
Royal their color, and odor divine;  
Blossomed and grew, all hidden, secure,  
The happiest of flowers, most perfect design.

Soon came two fond lovers, strolling in joy;  
He plucked one blossom, heaving a sigh;  
" 'Tis sweet as thy nature, soft as thy hair,  
Thy emblem, my playmate, as blue as thy eye."

But the flower was broken at handling so rude,  
And the maid stooped and plucked the other bud there;  
The one she cherished, a token of love,  
The broken she placed with a pin in her hair.

When at last she came to her dainty boudoir,  
The fair one was placed in the violet tray,  
While the other was plucked from out of her hair,  
And wilted, and broken, was soon cast away.

Wilted and broken, with beauty all gone,  
Unnoticed and battered, its fragrance robbed;  
When the fair flower beheld it, a wreck of the past,  
Then its agony doubled, its flower-heart throbbed.

And, alas! all too quickly it too passed away,  
Its spirit vanished, its color soon fled;  
For it loved its companion, its heart had been broken,  
Both souls were united,—both flowers were dead.

## OUR CLOCK GOLF DAYS

*In memory of Seabreeze, Florida*

Sweet days of yore, of peace and happiness,  
Days of joy and rapt content,  
I love you for your memories,  
Your friendships, pals, and loves that bless;  
And dreams that must be heaven-sent.

I love your nooks beside the stream,  
Your Clock Golf course upon the green,  
Your skies that shrieve me in my dream,  
Your shores that with tall palm trees teem  
Sunkissed through the river's sheen.

Ah, could I wafted be again,  
And hear the words of friendly praise,  
The echoing cheer adown the main,  
The saunter through the shaded lane,  
And live again those happy days!

## IN CHAINS

*Italian Skies and Italian Seas*

Locked are the chains, the bands applied,  
 And bound and manacled and tied.  
 Yes, bound the minds, the heart, the soul,  
 For here 'tis nought but grind and toil,—  
 But grind! Shy art is crucified!  
 And Hope—Ah, Lethe is but its goal!  
 My spirit soars above the skies,  
 Above the trees, above the spires  
 Of gloom-filled churches, canting squires,  
 And world-weary knowledge, which is never wise.

Away the dare of gross to-day,  
 The torrid strife for petty pelf,  
 The scandal-tongue, serpents who prey,  
 And scorpions who sting all else save self!  
 I lothe the touch of the hypocrite,  
 The smile of Satan in the eye,  
 The maudlin chant of the Holy Writ  
 That turns and sneers at the fine Soul's cry;  
 The rose that blooms with a worm in its heart,  
 The flaring lily with death in its cup,—  
 I hate them all. These bonds must part  
 And time must give its memories up;  
 For my heart has flown, ah, far away,  
 Far, far beyond the threatening sea,  
 Where dwells the hopes of yesterday,  
 That ne'er can filter back to me.

But the Italian air and Italian trees,  
 With their quaint black shapes 'gainst the cobalt sky!  
 The Italian birds on the Italian breeze,

And the scents of elysium from on high!  
The mirrored seas and the hidden bays  
Where dreamers spend their aircastle days,  
Where lovers dwell in blest content  
And treasured faith is heaven-sent!  
A cottage 'neath a rustic arch,  
A batteau waiting on the shore,—  
Here seasons lag their onward march  
And ships return—ah, nevermore.  
Ah, nevermore do ships return  
To steal away love's paradise;  
For here, in sooth, the love-fires burn  
Deep down in heart's true sacrifice.  
A vision think you of a dream?  
A poet's dream of heart's ideal?  
Ah, no; 'tis there, both true and real;  
All things are real if but they seem.  
I fain would thrust these bonds away,  
And tear apart this chafing band—  
Dear God in Heaven!—'Tis but a day  
Then Dream-souls fly to poet's land.



## POLITICS

You call me vile—  
 And yet, and yet, my face is wreathed in a win-  
     some smile,  
 While my heart is hung  
 With a wreath, wide flung,  
 Which flaunts and flutters on the barren soil.

You call me sad—  
 And yet, and yet, my vote has made the pauper  
     glad;  
 With a lavish hand  
 I move the wand  
 Of spoils,—and, lo, the world goes mad!

You call me gross—  
 And yet, and yet, my nature soars above the dross  
 Like a flower of worth  
 O'er the reeking earth.  
 Is the seed and earth a gruesome loss?

You call me "graft"—  
 And yet, and yet, perfume of pleasure on breezes  
     waft.  
 I undertake where others cower,  
 Nor wait I for the opportune hour.  
 What boots it clings Tribute to my pirate craft?

Time calls me "good,"  
 And sees the heart deep in my wood;  
 Through the radial lines  
 True nature shines,  
 And the future world partakes the 'food.



## PROHIBITION

I heard the wail of the starving child,  
    And came to give it bread ;  
I heard the sob of a mother's voice,  
    Who crouched on the floor in dread,  
While the beer-filled brain of the sodden man  
    Caused sorrow in that hut,  
As he wrecked the beds of the shivering babes,  
    And struck his wife his ire to glut.  
And I halted the terrors of that night,  
    And restored the hope to that eye,  
I gave back the brain that had taken its flight,  
    Gave back the SOUL that had begun to die.

For years I stood outside the gate  
    Awaiting the entering call,  
Until God's woman <sup>1</sup> heard my voice,  
    And foresaw the Nation's fall,  
Then she girded the armor of mother love  
    Upon that form divine,  
And struck the battle-note to prove  
    That the better way is mine.  
She raised the Cross of Jesus high,  
    And caused foul drink to flee,  
And Satan's host shall ne'er return  
    As long as you have me.

I chose the Nation sent by God  
    To free the human slaves ;  
I chose the land that had felt the rod  
    Of Thieves, and shame, and Knaves ;  
I chose the Country founded by folk  
    Who lived the life of Faith,

<sup>1</sup> Frances E. Willard.

Who first stepped out upon the Rock  
 And trod Religion's path;  
 AMERICA! The land of hope,  
 Where we laud its better men,  
 I took that land and made it clean,—  
 Dare ye make it dirt again?

I gave back the brain that wine had stolen,  
 The brain that beer had robbed;  
 I gave back the home that alcohol  
 Had wrecked,—where mothers sobbed;  
 I broke the bands of Demon Rum,  
 And cracked the bowl on the bar,  
 I set up Faith upon yon hearth  
 That it would return no more.  
 I broke the cup that steals man's brain,  
 That weakens your daughter's will,  
 That brings Her shame upon Your name,—  
 And can you love it still?

Away, Oh puny lust of man!  
 Oh selfish, misguided soul!  
 When you lead me back to the outer gate  
 The grave is but your goal.  
 Bring back the wine upon the stand,  
 The tankards upon the plates,  
 And the Nation trembles in its path  
 For the enemy within your gates.  
 Already has it robbed you of your power  
 To do the things for God;  
 And God has placed within your grasp  
 The one great ruling rod.

Throw me away—you turn your face  
 Back towards the early dawn;  
 And soon you wade again in crime—  
 Your early vision gone;  
 Turn me away and all the hopes  
 Of future gain have fled;

The Nation's fame will be its shame,  
And its morals will be dead.  
But hold me tight enshrined in your heart,  
And I lift you to the skies,  
For the love of all the unborn Souls,  
I alone can make you rise!

## DESPAIR

*"Prohibition Must not be Repealed"*  
*Words of a desperate mother*

What? End Prohibition?  
    May God prevent that day  
When the evil appetites of men  
    Will steal my home away,  
When the comforts of my declining years  
    Are torn from out my grasp,  
And leave me poor and weak, alone,  
    With the sting of a poison asp.  
Oh, must my dreams of a happy hearth  
    All vanish in thin air?  
You steal the bread from my baby's mouth,—  
    Don't drive me to despair!

In the name of Christ, O, drinking man,  
    I pray you pause awhile;  
This morning when I saw the sun  
    My lips had formed a smile,  
My heart had sung the song of love  
    That welled up in my heart,  
And the love of All, both great and small,  
    Was of my life a part.  
But by your attempt to bring back rum  
    You dim my vision fair,  
You burn the altar I have raised,—  
    You drive me to despair.

For years in rags I walked the streets  
    And begged my man to come;  
For years he drank his weekly wage  
    And wrecked our hovel home;

My babies cried with frightened eye,  
When they heard his drunken walk,  
No clothes had they, but rags and filth,  
And life was but a mock.  
Then came the law which brought the light,  
That raised us from wan care;  
Then came the Hope from out the night,—  
Can you bring back Despair?

I drained the ocean of its gall,  
I combed of bitterness the sky,  
And from it all I wrought the chain  
Of Faith that can not die;  
And on the brow of future babes  
I poured the incense pure  
Of chastity and soberness—  
The Race that must endure.  
My trembling hands but grasp the brink  
Of the Future everywhere,—  
You DARE not drive me back again  
To the pit of deep despair!

Oh, victim of low profit's greed,  
Oh baser lust for gain,  
Would you thrust back the hands of Time,  
And break the golden chain  
That holds the minds of man in leash  
And spurs them on to higher  
Ground than e'er were trod by foot,  
Their Soul's growth to inspire?  
Would you then halt the urge of man  
Unto the nobler goal  
That poets vision in the dawn,  
And thoughts that raise the Soul?

You can not turn the hands of Time  
Back to the years far gone;  
You can not break the things GOD made  
Because they please you none;

The Wheel of Time breaks down old things  
    And ever brings the New,  
The crime of Drink is forever dead;  
    The Grace of Soberness view.  
A craven soul pretends to stand  
    Upon the brink of care,—  
But you are Men, so stand like Men,  
    We must not now despair.

## THE WHISPERERS

Ah, the Whisperers! The skulking snakes  
That infest the places of public pride,  
The knowing looks of sarcastic makes,  
The false-face smirks with pus inside;  
The scandal-mongers in the church  
Who plunge the daggers in the back,  
Fawn in your face, but your name be-  
smirch,—

Unchristian, unholy, vile, the lack  
Of any Soul within the crackling shell  
They call the heart, but in its place  
Most loathsome evil, nauseous smell  
Exudes each pore and smears the face.  
The WHISPERERS! Why were they  
made

To poison the world with their horrid  
tongue?

For they thrust their venom in every glade,  
And mingle the most honest men among.  
God!—How we abhor when once we find  
The secret envy of the spell;  
Would to Heaven all Whisperers  
Were sent below where Lucifer fell!



## REVERIE

I wish I were a swallow swift,  
And had the swallow's wings,  
I'd fly far out toward heaven's blue arch,  
And trill my morning songs.

A nightingale I wish I were,  
Or yet a heavenly dove;  
Oh, rapturous songs would fill the air,—  
I'd fly toward heaven's love.

Oh, would I were a tiny fish,  
And swam the briny deep,  
To delve in ocean's mysteries  
And God's great secrets keep.

Were I an odorous, fragile flower  
Of grace divinely blest,  
I'd scent the ways of weary souls,  
Caress the ones that rest.

And if I were an angel white,  
With harp of gold in hand,  
I'd soar toward God's Eternal Throne,  
Tuning chords sublimely grand.

*Then the thought came like a vision,  
Sweet peace then entered my mind;  
I felt the presence of my own dear Savior  
And these words of truth I retained:*

Why long for that which we can not?  
Why desire?—we can not attain!



God placed us here for a purpose,  
And Christ will come again.

Look, look, oh mortal, about thee;  
Take heed of stranger and friend;  
Thy purpose in life far grander is  
Than the desires thou hast named.

Man was made in God's image,  
A worker for Heavenly fame;  
Low earthly pleasures but shadows are  
Scarce known in Heaven by name.

Though thy life may be scorched by Life's  
lightnings,  
And thunders resounding may move,  
Fierce wild winds and fiends may threaten,—  
Yet all will be peace Above.

Do thy noblest on earth here, Oh mortal!  
Nor long for other vain bliss;  
For thy duty will bring thee glory  
Of God's Eternal Peace.

## SPRING

“Awake! the warbling robin said,  
And gave his cry, and bobbed his head,  
As though his tiny heart within  
Contained all the balm of spring.

“Awake! Awake!” was echoed far;  
Came trembling back from Spring-time’s star,  
Arousing bud and branch and tree,  
And made the heavenly hollows ring.

“Awake!” the crows cawed, flying high,  
Like floating dots far in the sky;  
And flapped with glee from south to north,  
With scent of summer on their wing.

“Awake!” the balmy south wind sighed,  
And kissed the slumbering earth, its bride;  
When soon the chill of winter broke,  
And love, and joy, and life awoke.  
Then Spring was here.

## OCTOBER

The golden sun is fading fast,  
Its pervert rays that, slanting slow,  
Have lost their kiss, now coldly touch  
The withered trellis dropping low.

The clambering vine is tinged with red,  
And all about the distant wood  
A haze has settled on the trees,  
As though the days had donned a shroud.

The crimson flash of trembling leaves,  
And flecks of gold are here and there;  
With brown and green on every shrub,  
And misty grey high in the air.

The flowers are withering, one by one;  
The birds are homeward flying;  
And e'en the dew-flecked meadow-land  
Turns seer and dry and dying.

But the barns are full, and the hay is pressed,  
The silo is filled o'er-flowing;  
All wheat is threshed, and garnered the corn,  
And the pumpkins look so knowing.

A dreamy haze spreads o'er the land,  
While a rest spreads o'er the mind;  
'Tis October time; 'tis peace for all,  
For Dame Nature has been kind.

And so in our life the autumn comes  
With its memories of cherished store,  
While a lingering haze spreads o'er our age,  
And our hopes are forgotten lore.

## THE FACE IN THE CAR WINDOW

She nodded and smiled and a light filled her eye,  
And a message was flashed which throttled my sigh;  
And that message will remain a sweet mystery,  
As I wonder what she meant when the car went by.

A strange little mischief, with twinkles in the deep,  
A dancing and lurking of wide, sunny wiles,  
With flash of her teeth, and a toss of her head  
She saw my quick gaze, and she returned it with smiles.

And that glance from her eyes, and the sunny "Good  
Day,"  
Tho flashed from a window as the car rolled away,  
Will lighten my work and brighten my play  
For weeks and for months, and will bless me for aye.

Ah, how oft just a smile can throttle a sigh,  
A stranger's broad laughter can make our pains fly;  
I have learned a deep lesson—which the world can try—  
From the face in the window as the car passed by.

## HOPE

I stood at my low western window  
And gazed o'er the slime-covered sea  
Of waste and mouldering swamp-lands  
Which covered the wind-blown lee.

I noted the morbid dry rice grass,  
Low-trampled by wind and by rain;  
And beheld the rotting black carrion,  
As though a rank drift from the main.

Afar, through the hazy grey mistings,  
A dot in the malarial sea,  
Were the faint and but shadowy outlines  
Of a lonely and scraggy pine tree;

And it looked like a spectre of midnight,  
A spectre with ghastly black arms,  
Which was beckoning frantic wild gestures,  
And waving its gruesome alarms.

The dank smells of the misty low swamp-lands,  
The odors of age and decay,  
Were like catacombs of the far Rome-land,  
Or the fetor of Malebogé.

Thus I stood as I gazed o'er the waste land,  
With my spirits both saddened and low,  
For my heart was sore painéd and weary  
By the despair of my terrible woe;

By the loss of my dearly beloved,  
The loss of my pretty young bride,  
Who this morning looked happy and smiling,  
Stood clinging with love to my side.

But e'er Solus had journeyed his distance,  
Half passing rash Phaeton's zone,  
By the Fates she was snatched from the daylight,  
And sank senseless with agonized groan;

Sank calling my name in her terror,  
Sank praying for heavenly aid  
That the blessing of wifhood might save her  
From Hera's most envious blade.

But denied was her fervid complaining,  
Death struck her with icy cold hand;  
And her pure clinging angel-like spirit  
Took flight to a holier land.

And now vainly there stood I and watching,  
Stood watching the far, far away;  
And dreaming of Beatrice in heaven,  
Who was torn from my side this sad day;

And I prayed then aloud for the courage;  
And agonized tears were fast shed;  
For my heart lay crushed in that coffin  
Which covered my loved one, dead.

When sudden the heavens were brightened,  
The lowering clouds were quick blessed,  
And a ray of the soft western sunlight  
Lay molten like gold on my breast.

For a moment the heavens seemed doubting,  
For an instant the misting pressed low,  
But the powers of gloom were soon vanquished,  
And the distance all flamed with a glow

Like the glory of the transfiguration  
When the light of the heavens met earth,  
And bestowed on its drivelling low dwellers  
A halo of Eternity's worth,

And bathed in that light was my body ;  
My soul absorbed its warm ray ;  
For the omen I knew was from Beatrice  
Returning from glorified way ;

Returning to strengthen her mourner,  
Returning to whisper sweet cheer ;  
And ennoble his life by her presence—  
A presence unseen but yet near.

Then a rest came soft o'er my heart-beats ;  
My spirit within me grew calm ;  
Soft tinklings of angel's sweet music  
Upon my sad soul gave its balm ;

And from out of that glad golden sunlight,  
From out of that flaming bright ray  
Shall my soul lift up to my God-head  
And trusting strive onward for aye.



## THE WEAVER

Wearily the weaver whirled his wheel,  
Slowly the heavy shuttles flew,  
Dully the staff clanked on the reel,  
Which growled and squeaked as though it knew  
That the light had gone  
With the early dawn,  
The light of his life, his Prue.

All day he sat with a hardened heart,  
Not a word or look gave he,  
While now and then rose a groan or a start,  
And a wrench of the trembling knee;  
And not a hum  
Came from the drum  
Of the lagging, languid, clanking tree.

Slowly sank the lurid sun,  
And slowly the twilight came,  
The shadows lengthened one by one,  
Yet he would not breathe her name;  
But his aged eyes  
Were dimmed with sighs  
That convulsed his shrinking death-touched frame.

“Curse thee! no longer my daughter Prue!”  
The heart would burst its bound,  
And he raised his hand toward the fading blue  
Of the homespun scattered round;  
While the creaking loom,  
Dull thing of Doom,  
Gave out its rumbling, grinding sound.



But Time doth press with a softening palm  
Upon the heart of stone,  
And through his breast there shot a qualm,  
And through his throat a moan;  
He thought of the days  
Of her winning ways,  
While to-day he drudged alone.

“Go to the window, good wife, go,  
And see if she doth return;  
My head is heavy, my hand is slow,  
And the drum doth slowly turn”;  
His voice is weak,  
And furrowed his cheek,  
But his eyes with restless fevers burn.

He wot not that his bride, long dead,  
Knew nought of his hapless plight;  
His mind was dim, and reason fled,  
But he muttered through the night;  
For his child's return  
A dip did burn  
Her returning path to light.

“No, father, no,” a ghost-wraith calls,  
“Not a sign 'gainst the darkening sky,  
Naught but the gloom of forest walls,  
And the tongues of the glow on high.”  
Lower his head,  
As though it were lead,  
Droops to his work, and he stifles a cry.

The wind without gives a moaning sound,  
Like the sob of a sleeping child;  
And the tall dark pines press swaying round  
As the wood wails its dirges wild;  
And in the deep  
Where wolf-dogs creep,  
Haunt the owls, from hope exiled.

Within 'tis cold, for the sun has set,  
 And the sky is a darkening gray,  
 Painfully the weaver is weaving yet,  
 And his loom still clanks away;  
     But his work is pain  
     As he strikes again  
 The shuttle slow, on its grumbling way.

His gray-stringed head he lifts again  
 And in vain he pierces the gloom  
 Which is closing in at the window pane,  
 And is filling the barren room;  
     But his eyes are weak,  
     So he tries to speak  
 As he drops the bar of his tired loom.

“Again to the window, good sprite, go,  
 And see if she doth not come,  
 My dying heart is filled with woe;  
 I would that she were at home.”  
     With anguished cry  
     He pressed his eye,  
 And gazed o'er the endless wood-fringed loam.

“No, father, no,” his fears respond,  
 “But hope,—she will soon return;  
 The Iroquois' camp is just beyond,  
 And their feast fires lowly burn,  
     At the dawn of day  
     She will come away  
 To the home that she yet doth yearn.

Darker and darker the falling night;  
 Fierce puffs the rushing breeze;  
 But all is dead to his ageing sight,  
 For his blood has begun to freeze;  
     And a dirge is sung  
     By the forest tongue,—  
 A dirge by the shivering trees.

The silence of death hovers o'er the place,  
 For though hard and stern is the mind  
 The love of a life will show on a face,  
 And the pulse will throb for its kind.  
 And the struggle was long  
 For he quivered at wrong,  
 But the heart will melt when 'tis blind.

As red as the blood of the Iriquois,  
 As lurid as fires of hell,  
 A threatening cloud drives o'er the sky  
 And rests where the Iroquois dwell;  
 Then melted his heart  
 And with fear doth he start,  
 And a sob,—he pleads for her well.

With the darksome night the fiends let loose,  
 And the ghosts of Evil throng  
 Adown the path that the legend moose  
 Doth stalk the caverns of the graves among.  
 The storm-swept trees  
 Bend to their knees,  
 And even the hills their hearts have wrung.

The sound of the raging strikes his ear,  
 And with eager hand he brushes the tear,  
 And bends his head as though to hear  
 The tramp of the winds on their way.  
 "Hark, is not that she who rides so wild,  
 Like the rush of the fiends across the plain?  
 My daughter, Prue, Oh daughter, my child!  
 Return to your father, your father, again!"  
 With the sweat of death upon his brow  
 He cries for his child, forgets his vow,  
 But the wild dashing branches but scream and away  
 And he totters, stunned with his pain.

And swift as the frown 'cross a somber face  
 The wind shifts to the north:

46      STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

And cold and grim,—to sleet,—to ice,  
The blizzard breath pours icily forth:  
    While keen the night;  
    From black to white  
The crystal gnomes have proved their worth.

Adown the bristling forest trail  
A stumbling form doth creep;  
An anguished moan of small avail  
    As she totters in a heap;  
    A shivering form,  
    A trembling worm,  
Bare crawling through the snow knee-deep.

“Oh, God, I pray to lead me on  
    Until I reach his door.”  
She staggers up, sunk cheeks and wan,  
And stumbles as before,  
    Till by degrees  
    Upon her knees  
Her will can drag no more.

And as she drops low on the snow  
With one despairing sigh,  
Her hopeless eye she lifts,—then lo!  
    She sees a candle light is nigh;  
    New life is thrust,  
    To move she must,  
For her frozen limbs are filled with joy.

“My home!” she cries in thrilled alarm,  
    “My father’s house is near,  
And he awaits with open arm  
    To give his wayward daughter cheer.”  
    With deep agony  
    She forces her way,  
Her heart half-cursed with fear.

By ruse had she slunk from the Indian camp  
Where a bride that month she had come  
To mate the chief 'gainst her father's will,  
And to make his tent her home;  
But her daughter-love  
Too strong did prove,  
So by stealth by night had she dared her doom.

But her failing strength had suffered much,  
And like a stricken dove on wing  
That at the arrow's piercing touch  
Falls low, revives, shocked, trembling,  
Still vainly tries  
In its agonies  
Still farther on its form to fling,

So thrust she on in frenzy blind,  
The candle glow a beacon before,  
The raging snows beside, behind,  
A sad spent form she reached the door  
And fell there prone  
Unsought, alone,  
From thence to rise no more.

A shivering sigh escaped her lip,  
A sigh of heaven lost;  
In the frozen air her finger tip  
Bare touched the latchstring, tossed  
By the frenzied wind  
In its blast unkind,  
Just out of reach,—Ah, Lord, the cost!

Just out of reach, the haven home  
Of one who would return;  
Just out of reach, the cheerful room  
Where love fires for us burn,  
Yet oft doth life  
Place one thin knife  
'Twixt them that laugh and them that mourn.

And oft indeed we would repent  
 When repentance comes too late,  
 And love that once with compassion blent,  
 Has later turned to hate;  
 While we dallied slow  
 Soon must we go,  
 And we crawl unsaved to the steps of fate.

At our father's house the light still shines  
 For the wayward prodigal,  
 But our lagging strength oft dies betimes  
 And e'er we return we fall  
 Like a fluttering leaf  
 From out the sheaf  
 Oftimes,—and we're lost beyond recall;

So on that porch the thin form lay  
 Soon covered by swirling snow  
 Which piled its mantle lavishly  
 Upon the dying girl as though  
 It fain would hide  
 The fallen bride  
 Of the Iroquois, and her woe.

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'Tis near the dawn, and all is black,  
 Not a flicker breaks through the cloud;  
 On the steps a form cold in her track,—  
 In the cottage a gathering shroud;  
 All night he had spun  
 But his task is done,  
 And the specters of death around him crowd.

A quavering groan sounds through the gloom  
 At the dawn of that dismal day,  
 And a gurgling sob palls on the room  
 As the weaver tries to pray,  
 But his parched throat  
 Re-echoes the note  
 Of the loom that has died away—for aye.



Morning gray bespeaks the day;  
The loom has ceased its sound;  
No woof upon the treadbar lay,  
And the warp is scattered round;  
While the storm has died  
Like the weaver's pride,  
And the winds kiss the shrouded ground.

The stick rests dead in the bloodless hand,  
And the drum has groaned its wo,  
And the weaver stares with desert mind,  
He has dropped the bobbintoe;  
For his soul has fled,  
And o'er his head  
Hang the wraiths of his hopeless woe;

While the candle stick on the window sill  
Is black and dead and cold,  
For the waning spark had sucked its will  
And would be dark for years untold;  
The frosted glass  
Let no light pass  
For the specters of Death doth the place enfold.

While the dead within and the dead without  
Await the sun of day,  
The Soul's last flight into the night  
Must mingle on the way,  
And up through space  
In that higher place  
Together come,—yes, come for aye.

God pity them both, and guard the ones  
We fain would amply prove;  
Protect our daughters and our sons  
Through all the paths they move;  
And in the end,  
Oh God, unbend,  
And bless with thy Eternal love.

## SHIP AHOY!

'Tis night on the Atlantic and far out at sea  
The smooth-rolling billows sigh musically,  
And the calm of the air, with silence serene,  
Gives hope to the pilot who whistles away;  
While the staunch little craft responds to the swell,  
Like the dip of the daisy to the wind in the dell.

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

But obscured is the moon by a driving dark cloud,  
And the tiny bright stars in the velvet-black sky  
Seem to glitter and twinkle and put on a shroud,—  
For the demon of darkness is swift drawing nigh;  
And the skipper is worried, the vessel sails slow,  
For the calm is intense, and the mercury low.

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

Now sudden the skipper ascends to the bridge,  
For the drop of the glass betokens a storm,  
Then the tones of command sound harsh down the ridge,  
And the clang of the bell screams out the alarm:  
Now frantic it rises, now sobbing and soft,  
While the startled mid-deckmen climb frightened aloft.

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

The moan of the ocean has doubled its power,  
But the woe of the winds has stifled its sighs,  
And portentous banks of driven clouds lower,  
While the low-flying albatross hushes its cries;  
When quick, with the shriek of a million lost souls,  
The storm-king is on them. The storm-bell tolls,

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”



In the trough of old ocean the *Petrel* is sent  
Midst creaking of hawser and thundering of sail,  
And the masts in the center like whip-cords are bent  
And groan in a frenzy at the rush of the gale;  
While above and around it, more furious and faster,  
Howl the imps of the darkness and wraiths of disaster,  
“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

High heavens are falling with deafening roar;  
With sharp, jagged fires asunder they spread;  
And tumultuous torrents up skyward now bore  
To crush the small vessel in its turbulent bed;  
When quickly with terror it rights from behind,  
And the ship is now dashing before the wild wind.  
“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

With shrieks and with screams and with demoniac laughter  
The hurricane tumbles the vessel about;  
With flapping of canvas and ripping of rafter  
To the ears of the shipmen an agonized shout  
Is borne from the leeward. A cry of dismay  
Comes down through the darkness and then dies away,  
“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

Superstitious the sailors, with frightened white faces,  
Some rush to the pilot, and trembling they stare:  
“’Tis the Wanderer” they stutter, and cling to their places.  
For the chill is upon them, and death in the air;  
When again the wild shriek down the winds of the sea,—  
’Twas a cry of despair and mad agony,—  
“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

With awed faces and ghastly, weird voices they hear;  
They remember the tales of the “Dutchman” who flies;  
And in the dread of the sailors they cower in fear,—  
For ’tis death to the shipman who hears those wild cries.  
And the rigging still rattles, and furious the sound  
Of the dull grinding crashing of the billows around.  
“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

On the wings of tornadoes the mad waves rave past,  
 And the scud on the masthead gives ominous sign;  
 With the roar of a cannon the sail parts the mast,  
 And the hull plunges deep in the harsh-swirling brine.  
 Like a straw it is tossed, while the mountains crowd high,  
 O'er-topped by the foam which they scrape from the sky.  
 "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

Up shoots the hull swiftly, with shiver and groan,  
 At the moment when weirdly there echoes that cry,  
 Now near and now distant, a screech and a moan,  
 The sound of the doomed which pierces the sky.  
 And the sailors are staring with atrophied fear  
 To behold that dread phantom which is hovering near.  
 "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

To the lee they are gazing, and tense are their faces;  
 The green dizzy billows roll up like a wall.  
 (Black Death is most bitter in horrible places)  
 Like a monster they follow, they hang like a pall  
 Above and around,—a green demon of doom,  
 And dismal the depths, and yawning the tomb.  
 "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

Fast and still faster the gale blows the vessel;  
 Harsh and still harsher rise terrified cries;  
 Black and still blacker the night which they wrestle;  
 High and still higher the seething foam flies;  
 Near and still nearer comes the shuddering wail,  
 'Till they behold in their terror a wraith at their rail!  
 "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

And the darkness is lit by a flash from a cloud  
 Which illumines the frenzy of the tempest-tossed sea:  
 The rough rigging rattles, the thunders roll loud,  
 While the maddened, churned waters rush over the lee;  
 And the men gaze in fear at the ghastly chill sight  
 Of the face in the abyss as it cries in its fright,  
 "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!” They shake off their terror  
Which had chained up their limbs, and had frozen their  
blood.

Some spring to the rail to redeem their sad error,  
For a mortal is struggling with the Fiend of the Flood.

“Man overboard! Man overboard!” With frantic dismay  
They throw out a buoy, but it dashes away!

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

“Out with the lines!” and, “Out with the life-boat!”  
With the strength of distraction they would brave those  
fierce waves;

But o’er the roar of the tempest the captain gives orders,  
“’Twould be madness! The seeking of watery graves!”  
And the cry is now fainter, and vanished the face,  
Displaced by the storm-howls, the hurricane’s race.

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

On rushes the vessel on the wings of the gale,  
But that glimpse of the face, disheveled with spume,  
Will e’er be remembered, and a last sobbing wail  
Like the sound of a soul thrust out to his doom  
Comes down on the wind and hovers above—  
Despairing and hideous, a voice from the grave,—

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

’Tis heard for a moment, that gasp of despair;  
’Tis mixed with the screech of the demon’s dread shout,  
It rests on the masthead and hovers in air,  
Then is swallowed in the crash of the avalanch about.  
And the shipmen, they stagger with wide-staring eyes,  
For each shriek is the echo of those heart-rending cries.

“Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!”

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'Twas morn on the Atlantic and far out at sea  
The undulating billows roll musically,  
And the calm of the air, with silence serene,  
Gave courage to the shipmen who beheld the bright day;  
While the dismantled *Petrel* responds to the swell  
Like the roll of the clapper in an iron-tongued bell.  
    "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

And stretched on old ocean's abysmal bed,  
Having struggled with death, crying "Ship ahoy!"  
Is the form of a being, cold, ghastly and dead.  
A sad mother is lonely, and weeps for her boy.  
While the melancholy muse seems to hover in air,  
And the sobbing sea murmurs that threne of despair,  
    "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

## ODE TO THE SAGINAW.

Flow on, thou muddy stream with melancholy gloom,  
And haunted by the spirits of thy strife!  
On and on thy broadening waters flow,  
Even far unto the wraith of the waters blue beyond,  
Where, like the soul of man, the life  
Of mortals merging into the flow of Time Eternal,  
Thou art merged, and faded, and lost,  
And swallowed up in the pure cold floods  
Of the calm and soothing lake.

On and on flow, until the gods  
Of storms bend low and lift thy misty form  
Unto the quiet skies, to be there driven  
In the maddened presence of long-gone warriors,  
Who bivouaced on thy murmuring banks, and, filled  
Complete with restless spirit of the tribe,  
Rush hence in chaos, rumbling fiery paths  
Across the desolate heavens, until the burst  
Of fiends awake the earth in fierce  
And drenching displays upon the seething pines,  
And strike the awed living with thy terrors;  
Or, perchance, drop like gentle blessings  
From the hand of the Eternal One  
Upon the sere and thirsting fields below,—  
The curled corn, the drooping rye, and crackling wheat,—  
All dry and parched for thy gentle kiss,—  
And make them green and succulent again.  
While the tiny phoebe gives its plaintive cry  
In tender ministerings to its peeping young,  
And, in peace the kine go full-fed to pastured glen;  
While the rustic home, long-dead to strife  
And weirdly-chanted warriors songs,



Becomes again the lasting bode of joy,  
Revived and blessed thrice by thy imperial gift.

Steadily, silently, slowly thou movest, O River,  
O'er thy once more riotous, turbulent bed!  
Now thou art quiet, nor gives the murmuring ripple  
One voice to tell of the multitudinous early dramas  
That startled thy oozing banks, and spread thy sides  
In gaping wounds, as o'er thy sullen breasts  
The ghostly birch did glide, and disappear,—  
To be the wraith of many a dismal scene,  
And angry war-fires gleamed their threatening rays  
Between the spectre trees, while high above  
Most awesome ghouls would dance and chant  
Their direful dirges in the dank and dungeon gloom,  
To rouse the ghosts of long departed warriors from  
Their mouldering graves, and join the treacherous throng.  
Ottawa tribes with weird and loathsome task;  
And soon again the stealthy Iroquois;  
And then anon through dawning of the trees  
The early settler dared to press within  
Thy mystic solitudes, and brave thy 'stonished wrath.

But now thou art dumb. Thy waves are mute.  
And even the mighty walls that rose with harsh  
And rasping noises on thy once wild banks,  
Are falling low again, in mute decay,  
While from the dark and caverned depths of some  
Sequestered glade I seem to hear a wail  
Which sobs the last low requiem of the past,  
That made the solitudes alive with strident man  
Who churned thy crystal bowels and grandly rode  
The fallen monarch of the wilds adown thy breast.  
All are dead, and following, too, the later tribe,  
New-born upon the ashes of the old,  
And living through desires of the tongue;  
And soon, alas, the newer dawn of happier hope  
Shall pass away, and fade, and be no more;  
For earthly things may live, may grow, and rise,

But born of man, must reach to death at last;  
 While, thou, O stream, wilt flow ceaseless  
 On and on, without an end,  
 Forever and forever, making the trembling grass  
 Green again with newer life, and quench  
 The parching thirst of myriad-unborn tribes,  
 Till they again will sink into the cool  
 Dark earth, and be like to the clod  
 From whence they sprang—unknown, mysterious  
 Sentries of the eternal march of time.  
 Yet ceaseless wilt thou flow, stream of hope,  
 Until thy curving banks and reed-boughed sides  
 Shall, like a faithful soul, remain to be  
 The emblem of a life well spent in noble toil;  
 And in thy dimming age, centuries having passed,  
 Shalt thou dream along unconfined  
 And hoary with the nobleness of work well done,  
 Gliding smooth into the everlasting calm  
 Of sanctified rest.—

But not to die.

For the trumpet-cry of yon new stars' creation  
 Shall sound thee to a resurrection  
 Far flung from lethe of age; for pulse  
 Shall bound again within thy veins—  
 The pulse of youth revived, and startled  
 Into feverish joy of service pure which guides  
 Thee ever to the might of that one power divine  
 But not omnipotent, thou shalt flow on again,  
 As of yore, until the dome of time shall sound  
 No more, and heaven's arch shall fall.  
 For, O mighty stream, as the soul  
 Returns to youth from a former sphere,  
 And dying ever seeks its higher end,  
 Shalt thou go and live, a youth renewed—  
 A murmuring brook, a stream, and mighty waters,—  
 And ever flow—without end.

Flow on and on, thou stream of life,  
 And never bend at weaker will,

Nor halt afraid, nor turn nor dwell  
Where aught but duty calls, until  
The eons of time and wrecks of strife  
Attune thy work to grandest power—  
The guardians of the sacred hour  
When life and death shall meet at last—  
And from its aged bed shall spring  
Another youthful sparkling stream, which cast  
Its spray of crystal more and more  
Far out and far, until the wing  
Of Time shall fall, and o'er and o'er  
The fartherest space shall be  
    Endless life—Eternity.



# CHILDREN'S POEMS



# CHILDREN'S POEMS

## GOOD NIGHT

The evening breezes are gently blowing;

They echo the warble of the drowsy blue-bird;

In pasture and barnyard the kine are now lowing,

And the wail of the whip-poor-will weirdly is heard:

'Tis the hour of vespers, when all is still;

When Phoebus resigns to Somnus's will,

And Dreamland's reverie in fancies thrill.

Good night, Eola, dear heart, good night!

The tall linden is rustling in a low, sweet murmur,

A deep sigh for the dreams of the days long past;

It breathes a prayer with quivering tremor,

And drowsily nods in the caressing blast:

Its aroma, the incense of nature's sweet balm,

The censer of silence, makes redolent calm,

And as acolyte of Nature now chants a low psalm.

Good night, sweet loved one, Eola, good night!

The melodious brook, with low gurgle and bubble,

Reflects the dark leaves of the aspens above;

Still gathering the gold from the sunlight's fair double,

Secretes it in caskets of bark in the grove:

'Tis a-weary with dancing; its rippings now falter;

It glides calm and still o'er the moss-hidden altar,

Soft-lulled to its dreams by yon low-whispered psalter.

Good night, my fair one, Eola, good night!

Now hushed and silent the moss-greenéd mill-wheel;

All wrapped in deep slumber white pond-lilies dream;

Below foaming mill-dam the brook forms a froth-weel

To whirl elfin skiffs down yon silver-flecked stream.

The lengthening shadows gloom ivy and gable,  
 And, purpling the moss-mounds, soon blend into sable;  
 And soft creeps the night wind, a breath from a fable.  
 Good night, my own love, Eola, good night!

Dan Chaucer's shy daisies have closed their soft petals,  
 And nod in their cradles of velvet and down;  
 The gossamer-winged bee has long buzzed its grave  
 trentals

For mouldering dead, and has flown with its crown.  
 Loud crickets are chirping a vespertine lay,  
 And echoing responses the katydids play  
 In the gloom of the forest. They're silent by day.  
 So good night, Eola, my dear one, good night!

Hear the frogs! They are grumbling in yon dismal  
 lowland,

The bird-choir of nature was silent at eve;  
 And at twilight the trombones of Pan's croaking frog-  
 band

Began their loud nocturne; awakening the greave  
 Illumed by the stardust that flits through the vale  
 Like sparks from a comet that dart green and pale;  
 Now high 'mong the branches, now lowly they sail.  
 So rest, my sweet child love, Eola, good night!

The darkness, fast deepening, spreads gloom o'er the  
 azure,

And red throbs Aurora from northerly heights;  
 Bright Orion glistens for Diana's loved pleasure,  
 And the Pleiades precede him, now faintly, now bright.  
 Milk-white lies Heaven's archway, fast studding with  
 spheres,

Mirrored by dewdrops, sweet Heaven-sent tears;  
 While low o'er the poplars slim Phoebe appears.  
 Good night, little Blue-eyes; Eola, good night!

Your eyes now grow drowsy; your thoughts fit'ly wander;  
The poppies have wafted their juice to your mind;  
Naïve Iris has opened the cave-doors up yonder,  
And Morpheus appears, with Phantasos behind;  
So, good night, chubby child-love, and sweet be thy sleep!  
Seek rest from thy child-play in slumber's lethe-deep!  
May happ'ly and safely thy Mentor thee keep.  
Good night, little dreamer; Eola, good night!

## WHEN I COME HOME AT NIGHT

Oh, I love to be away and work all day  
 At my office in the town,  
 Where the street cars clang and the 'busses bang,  
 And my forehead takes its frown;  
 But I love still more to slam the door  
 Of that office, good and tight,  
 And rush right back 'long the railroad track  
 To my home and pals at night.

It's the greatest thing to take the wing  
 Of the trains and hurry home,  
 Where the children wait for me at the gate,  
 For they know when I must come.  
 And they shout with glee when the youngsters see  
 Me swing at last in sight;  
 Oh, 'tis the happiest time, the hour sublime,  
 When I come home at night.

They rush along with shout and song  
 When they see me tramping there,  
 And they kick up their heels and let out hard squeals  
 Of joy which fills the air;  
 While our Laddie dog, with ears agog  
 And grinning his delight,  
 Wags his bushy tail in a hearty hail  
 When I come home at night.

And the baby climbs about forty times  
 Right up my arching back  
 To hug her Daddy and then play paddy,  
 And give him a hearty smack;  
 While joyous Eola with glorious aureola  
 Of hair, and eyes alight,  
 Gives a hug and a kiss of a sweet young miss,  
 As I come home at night.

Ah, if one sweet hour lies within the power  
Of God to grant all men,  
I pray it will be that he gives to thee  
The joy he gives me then,  
For my dear, true wife, with the peace of life  
Shining through the eons' flight,  
Joins the happy throng, as we frolic along,  
When I come home at night.

## HOW BABY PHYLLIS CAME

Along the bubbling brook we walked,  
 That slumbering day in lazy fall,  
 And watched the lagging clouds above  
 The noble poplars straight and tall;  
 We flecked the foam from dancing waves  
 That rippled through our finger tips,  
 Like roguish laughing fairy knaves  
 That rushed away like fairy ships.

And in each wave we saw the eyes  
 Of a brown-orbed child with outstretched arm—  
 A pleading face of olive tint  
 With crinkling hair of golden charm;  
 While through the whispering oaken trees  
 We heard the lilting laughter trill,  
 A-carried high by the playful breeze  
 And echoed by a whip-poor-will.

The rustling reeds grew lush and green,  
 A flame-patched mass where the woodbine flashed,  
 And in the heart of the dream-lined sheen  
 We saw a stork where the water splashed,—  
 A God-sent earnest of a happy love  
 As we kissed and all our longing fled,  
 Yes, even the skies had a treasure-trove,  
 For its blessing rested on our head.

The Spirit of Love slid down a beam  
 That shimmered aslant from the glinting sun,  
 And lost itself in a fragrant dream  
 That fell like a shower from the holy one;  
 Then a golden leaf rocked in the breeze  
 And softly fell through the mauve-gray air  
 And twirling gently as you please,  
 It kissed my bride upon her hair.



"I'S DEST A LITTLE DIRL, DADDY"<sup>1</sup>

"I's dest a little dirl, Daddy,  
So don't scold me any more,  
I know I dropped 'ur shavin' mug  
Upon the bathroom floor  
And busted it in lots of pieces  
And cut my little hand,  
But I didn't do it a purpose, Daddy,  
It walked right off the stand;  
So please, I's dest a little dirl, Daddy,  
Don't scold me any more.

"Oh, Daddy, I love you awful much,  
More than my heart can hold,  
And it hurts right here if you look so cross,  
And then begin to scold,  
For something comes right in my throat  
And I choke and then I cry,  
For I dest can't stand when you look at me  
With that frown right in your eye;  
So please, I's dest a little dirl, Daddy,  
Don't scold me any more.

"One day you hurt me awful hard  
When I stepped upon your speck  
And broke in two what belonged to you,  
And you called it just a wreck;  
But Daddy, I couldn't see it there  
A lying on the floor,  
And I didn't TRY to make a hole  
In the pretty dress I wore;

<sup>1</sup> Dedicated to all the little girls whose daddies do not understand that they do not wilfully disobey.

So please, I's dest a little dirl, Daddy,  
Don't scold me any more."

Ah! I hear that lisp of the childish lips,  
The sob in the infant throat,  
And my eyes fill up with burning tears  
At the pain in the trembling note,  
And I swear that never again will I  
Be cross to that little elf,  
For I know that blame rests not on her  
But more upon myself,  
And I clasp her high in my aching arm,  
To prove my love in store,  
And I press her hard against my breast,  
And will never scold her more.

For deep and true is my parent love  
As I kiss her long brown curl;  
Yes, I know she always means it well,  
For she is just my little girl;  
But through the years until the grave  
Closes round my mouldering form,  
And through all Time and Eternity,  
Through sunshine and through storm,  
I will hear that lisp of the childish lips  
As her frightened eyes raise from the floor,  
"I's dest a little dirl, Daddy,  
Please don't scold me any more."

## SIR BLUE BOTTLE FLY

Bumble-Bumble, Buzz-a-buzz,  
I think I hear a fly.  
It sounds like the proud Lord Rumble Bottle,  
So let us watch him, you and I.  
Bumble-Bumble, Buzz-a-buzz,  
See, my baby, there he goes,  
Look out, old grumbler, where you sail to.  
There! I thought you'd bump your nose!

Bumble-Bumble, Buzz-a-buzz,  
Up and down the pane you crawl,  
Can't you see the door is open?  
Why this fuss? Look out, you'll fall!  
Hi there, fuzz-top, stop your mumbling  
You can't punch right through that glass.  
Look, there, baby, he's most angry,  
'Cause t'wont let his lordship pass.

Bumble-Bumble, Buzz-a-buzz,  
Why, I declare he's quite outrageous;  
The way he strikes that window casing  
'Ud make you think him most courageous;  
Now, baby, see him fly away—  
Perhaps he's left us in a huff.  
Well, I know 'tis a wise blue bottle  
When he knows he has enough.

## OUWOOCHEEGAROO

It was misty and damp and chilly and cold;  
 Tee-whit, tee-hoo, tee hoo!  
 And the frogs in the bogs could hardly scold,  
 Garoo! Garoo! Gwa hoo!  
 And the dismal trees in the ghostly woods  
 Whispered their tales beneath their hoods,  
 And flung their arms like ghastly broods,  
 For they were growing old, and felt the cold.  
 Ouwoocheegaroo! garoo!

An ancient owl sat up in the tree;  
 Tee-whit, tee-hoo, tee hoo!  
 And blinked his goggles so he could see,  
 Tee-whit, tee-hoo, tee hoo-oo!  
 He was cold as the trees that shivered around,  
 And thought 'twould be warmer on the ground;  
 So he flopped and bumped to a mouldering mound,  
 Like a dervish adancing a blind boree.  
 Garoo! Wa Hoo, boo-oo!

But the frogs groaned out in hoarse dismay,  
 "Garoo! Garoo! Gwa hoo!  
 Oh, Mr. Owl, Better fly away!  
 Garoo! Garoo! Gwa hoo!  
 For a ghost will come and catch you sure!  
 And the goblins will gobble, and the whishties lure,  
 And against their power there is no cure,  
 So you'd better mind just what we say!  
 Garoo! Garoo! Gwa hoo!"

Yet that owl knew better, so old and wise,  
 "Tee whit! Tee hoo! What? Who-oo!"

So he stuck up his ears and opened his eyes,  
    "Teë whit! What? Whoo! Oh noo!"  
With haughty proud look and a knowing sneer  
We blinked through the gloom and tried to hear  
What the winds were quarreling about so near.  
But soon he grew drowsy, and nodded with sighs,  
    "Teë hoo! I'm sleepy, I knoo-o!"

Then he snored and forgot he was out of his tree.  
    Teë hoo! Garoo! Wha hoo!  
But bre'r fox sniffed around and saw him in glee,  
    "Ki hoo! tra loo! Wha hoo!"  
Well, here is my supper!" And with a bound  
He snatched that owl from off that mound,  
And whirled with the feathers round and round,  
While the terrified frogs forgot their plea,  
    Garoo! Garoo! Gwa hoo-oo!

Now the hoot of the owl is heard no more;  
    Teë whit, tee hoo, tee hoo-oo!  
And the tale is drooped in the hoarse frog lore,  
    Garoo! Garoo! Gwa hoo!  
Much better had it been if that feathered sage  
Had taken th' advice of the younger in age  
'Bout a thing THEY knew, though he was a mage.  
And I hope 'tis a lesson not lore,  
    Ouwoochegaroo!—garoo!

## MY LITTLE BABY BRUVVER

Oo, Gramma! I'm so glad you came  
To see my mamma 'cause she's sick,  
But you can't guess now, just the same,  
What's laying on our new bed-tick!  
It's got two eyes, and got a nose,  
And ain't got hair upon its head:  
An' it's got two hands and tiny toes  
And, My! Grandma! its skin is red!

And when I came up in the room  
Where mamma called for me to see,  
I was so glad that I kissed him  
Fer he's just as cute as he kin be.  
An' oh I loved to see his eyes,  
And he opened wide his weeny lid,  
And my mamma sings when baby cries,  
An' it stopped right off, my bruvver did.

I guess it knows that we love it,  
And want it soon to run around,  
For when Dad comes to stay a bit,  
He tiptoes in, don't make a sound;  
An' I just have to be so still,  
When I want to play and romp and jump,  
Fer a noise wakes bruvver—sure it will,  
An' even my handball gives a thump.

But just the same, Gramma, I'm glad  
That little bruvver came to town,  
Fer now we bofe belong to Dad.  
And that, you see, I fink is boun'  
To make him gladder than ever before,  
And he will work so hard because  
That when we need lots more of toys,  
Our Dad will be our Santa Claus.



## THE OOGILITHUMP

Look out, look out for the Oogilithump  
Or he'll ketch you, ketch you, sure;  
He's prowlin' aroun' most every night  
To ketch ya if you're thar.  
He snoops aroun' and prowls aroun',  
Like old Nick just come from hades,  
(I couldn't use the word I wanted  
Because I see some ladies)  
M-hm!

But the Oogilithump is an orful thing,  
An' he gobbles you—just like that,  
An' he eats you up! Even your shoes and  
clothes,  
An' he follers it with yer hat.  
An', an', he prowls aroun' an' he prowls aroun',  
When the night is orful dark;  
An' he sneaks, right up, behind you quick  
When yer walkin' in the park.  
M-hm!

Oo! Look at thar! What's at that glass  
Appearin' in that winder!  
It's got eyes as big as the steeple-house,  
An' red as a fiery cinder!  
Oh, golly, look out fer the Oogilithump,  
An' never run out at night,  
Fer he'll kotch ya sure if ya fool aroun'  
An' give ya an orful fright!  
M-hm!

An' I know what I'm talkin' about,  
Fer I guess I ought ter know,

## STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

An' I think o' it when I wants to sneak  
 Out an' go where I oughten' to go;  
 Fer I heard the awful yell o' that thing  
 As he hit me on the head,  
 An' I thought I was caught in a cyclone, bing!  
 An' was nearly almost dead.

One night my ma and pa went out  
 T' attend the preacher's meetin',  
 An' left me home wi' sissy there,  
 Ma said 'twould be but fleetin';  
 An' pa he said fer me to stay,  
 So sis would not be sceered,  
 An' fer me not to run away,—  
 Tho' nothing could be feered.

An' he said that if I went outdoors  
 I'd hear an awful screechin',  
 An' the Oogilithump would be around  
 An' kotch me sure as preachin'.  
 So he told me all about the thing  
 With eyes as big as steeples,  
 Which prowled aroun' on dark, dark nights,  
 An' et up all the peoples.  
 M—hm!

But, huh! ya think that I was 'fraid?  
 Guess not! Fer just as quick  
 Ez Ma and Pa went down the road  
 I scooted lickety click;  
 An' I played aroun' for a long, long time,  
 An' I didn't see that ghost  
 Thet pa had called the Oogilithump,  
 An' had forgotten it almost,

When all on a sudden I heard a yell  
 And a cuss-word and a scream,  
 An' I thought I was hit by a thousand o' brick  
 Or a bull-jine in a dream,



An' a thrashin' machine would be kinder tame  
To what I got that night,  
Gee whiz, the noise, and the bumps I got  
Was just a holy fright!

An' almost dead I broke away,  
While the monster ran right after,  
And the more I ran, the more he ran—  
Tho I thought I heard some laughter;  
An' I broke right into the kitchen door  
An' slammed it tight an' quick,  
While the snarl and growl I heard it give,—  
I'll bet it was Old Nick!

An' pretty soon my Ma came home  
And Pa came in a grinnin',  
But I couldn't see why he just laf't,  
When I my yarn was spinnin',  
For he sobered quick and said quite sharp,  
"And now, you little feller,  
Just stay at home, or he'll get you yet,  
And you'll do more than beller."  
M-hm!

So look out, look out fer the Oogilithump,  
Or he'll kotch you, kotch you sure;  
Fer he's prowlin' aroun', and prowlin' aroun'  
An' he'll get you, if yer thar.  
Fer the Oogilithump is an orful thing,  
An' he gobbles you—just like that.  
Fer he loves to grab little boys and girls  
Who are bad—I tell you what!  
H—hm!

THE BELLS OF SANTA

Listen, Phyllis, do you hear the bells of Santa coming  
near?  
Jingling o'er the distant hill, tinkling on the air so still?  
Now they sound so merrily, tinkling out so cheerily,  
At the window place your ear, for Santa's bells are draw-  
ing near.

Jing-a-ling, ting-a-ling as he comes. I wonder does he  
bring some drums?  
Wonder if he has your doll? Wonder if he's short or  
tall?  
Wonder if he'll leave his pack? Oh, may I see him  
through a crack?  
Phyllis, listen, do you hear?  
Santa's bells are drawing near.

## "I EXPECT"

I expect that now I'm in for a row;  
I dunno, I expect.  
I'm allers in trouble anyhow!  
I dunno, I expect.  
I get licked for things I never do,  
Get cuffed by my dad when teacher gets through,  
And allus get told I receive my due.  
I dunno, I expect.

I'm in heaps of trouble and orful scared;  
I dunno, I expect.  
But yum!—them cookies—they disappeared;  
I dunno, I expect.  
Ma made some jam and put it away,  
And baked some cookies the other day,  
And hid all the goodies away from me;  
O, I dunno, I expect.

Then she went and visited a neighbor friend;  
I dunno, I expect.  
"Now be good, little Johnny, you understand?"  
I dunno, I expect.  
I was just as good as I could be,  
An' played with the cat, an' skinned my knee,  
An' touch that jam?—'m—'m—not me!  
I dunno, I expect.

But that durned cat must have eaten the jam;  
I dunno, I expect.  
And stolen the cookies and cut the ham;  
I dunno, I expect,  
For when I went in the house to see

If the preserves was there, ('s it ort to be,  
 I found it all gone,—(yum yum)—by gee!  
 Oh, I dunno, I expect.

I like preserves—you bet I do!  
 “I dunno, I expect,”  
 An’ bread an’ ham and cookies too!  
 “I dunno, I expect,”  
 But I didn’t touch that jar of jam,  
 And I wasn’t hungry enough for ham,  
 But as allers the way, I’ll get the blame;  
 I dunno, I expect.

Oh, looket there! What’s on my face?  
 I dunno, I expect.  
 Well I declare! It’s jam and grease,  
 I dunno, I expect.  
 That blamed old cat must have kissed me there,  
 Or how did it get on my face, an’ my hair?  
 Great Caesar, I’m in for it,—but I don’t care.  
 I dunno, I expect,

When ma comes home—gee, won’t she be mad?  
 I dunno, I expect.  
 An’ I’ll get licked, I suppose, by my dad;  
 I dunno, I expect.  
 But if I ever catch that cat again  
 A stealin’ the jam and a kissin’ me, when  
 I didn’t do nothin’—(yum—yum—I’ll grin).  
 O, I dunno, I expect.

For a boy is a boy in spite of his faults,  
 I dunno, I expect,  
 An’ he’s hungry for jam, just as well as cats,  
 I dunno, I expect,  
 An’ if I’m to get licked for another’s doin’,  
 I wanter have the fun of doin’ the chewing;  
 But I didn’t do this—’m ’m—not a thing;  
 O, I dunno, I expect.

Some day when I grow up to be a man,  
I dunno, I expect,  
I'll get the better of the old folks then,  
I dunno, I expect.  
I'll look back on the time of apple jam,  
And laugh with the folks about stealin' ham,  
And joke 'bout that cat in epigram;  
I dunno, I expect.

But sh!—not a word, for here comes ma,  
I dunno, I expect.  
And thundering saints! if there ain't pa!  
I dunno, I expect.  
Gee! where did that cat put all the preserve?  
Now I've got to face it, and I ain't got nerve,  
"Hello, Ma," (watch, get onter my curve;)  
NOW I dunno—BUT I EXPECT!

## JOHNNY SEES THE COURTYN'

Golly!

Sis is all spruced up tonight,  
 An' she's mighty fidgety and finicky, too,  
 Her hair is curled an' curled an' curled,  
 And she's got pink ribbons on her shoe; (giggle)  
 An' her dress! oh Lor! how it does bunch  
 Out all around her like a balloon;  
 With starch in the skirt, an' starch in the waist—  
 An'—an'—she's ironed it over twice since noon;  
 An' her face! (haw) she warshed it four or five times,  
 And looked in the mirror to see 'f it was clean,  
 An' she used a lemon on her freckled nose—(he he!)  
 An' I told her she'd better use some benzine. (ho ho!)

And she got all het an' furious, she did,  
 And chas't me out and slammed the door,  
 An' called on ma to keep me out,  
 So's I couldn't come in and bother no more. (giggle)  
 And I just climbed up on a barrel in the yard,  
 An' peeked right into her window then,  
 So I seed her use some uv ma's flour, I did,  
 Slopped it on her face, and then rubbed it in,  
 An' 'en she just used my rabbit's foot  
 That I wondered where the old thing had gone,  
 And I saw her pat it up and down,  
 And criss-cross like a mower 'goin' over the lawn.  
 (he he!)

An' my! warnt she just all dolled up?  
 An' primped and frizzled just fittin' to kill? (he he!)  
 Fer I knew what she was a doin' it fer,—  
 She expects to land thet old fule, Bill.

Huh! Bill Eckels, the man who couldn't sing  
 Worth a cent at church—tho he thinks he can,—  
 With a curl in his hair, an' gold in his tooth,  
 Guess I kin pick out a lot better style man. (humph!)  
 And ma said, "Now Milly, just see tonight  
 Ef ya can't bring thet tarnation simp to book,  
 Fer he's been coming on here fer nigh on two year,  
 An' soon he'll be getting right off 'en yer hook."

So Milly is all goshed and perked to kill,  
 An' I'll betch ya he'll have a deuce uv a time  
 When he comes an' tries to call on my siss,  
 Without his nerve is all set in hard lime,  
 Fer Wow! she means the bizz tonight,  
 An' Bill hez just GOT to say something  
 That means he's goin' to be a member  
 Of us, and prove it with a weddin' ring.  
 But Gee! here he comes right at the door,—  
 Just see that walk—an' that smirky grin;  
 I'll bet they make a hull show fer themselves,  
 For siss is so fat—and Bill is so thin.

Huh! Looket at that boquet in his button hole!  
 And his hair is curled, and doped with oil;  
 He's got spats on his feet, an' gloves an' things,—  
 Gosh! He's sure callin' on his own best girl! (giggle)  
 Sh! Listen! "Oh deary, so glad you came,  
 It's lonesome whenever you've been away,  
 It's been a whole year since you heve been here," (haw)  
 (Slush! the old fool was here just yesterday.)  
 "So glad I came. You are looking sweet"  
 (Huh! she'd orter by the time she put on her hair.)  
 "Ahem! I want you—er—I want you,—er—Milly,"  
 "Oh, Billy, how sudden! Oh, Billy dear!"

Gosh! she snapped him up most mighty quick,  
 But he wasn't quite ready to be landed yet,  
 Just looket there—he has shied right off—  
 And has almost jumped right out of the net.



Listen,—“But Milly—I want,—I mean—hm,  
I want ter take ye right down ter my maw.”  
“Oh Billy boy, you dear, dear boy,—  
Of course, but first you must ask my paw,”  
And she’s smiling and snickering against his coat,  
Till he just can’t help himself any more—  
So there it goes—his arm steals around—  
Huh—you needn’t think I’ll peek in that door!



## ROBIN RED BREAST

"Cheer up, deary; cheer up, deary; cheer, cheer!"

What is this strikes on my half-startled ear?

"Cheer up, deary; cheer up, deary; cheer, cheer!"

Sweet comes the sound now far and now near.

Down from the trees a flash of deep red,

With a flip of its tail and a flirt of its head,

Perking its wings and preening its crest,—

"Why, hello, my fellow, 'tis Robin Red Breast!"

"Chew it; chew it; chew it, dear!"

Good morning, my stranger, what's this I hear?

"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, dear."

Well I do declare! Spring must be near!

Far from the fields of the soft southern land

You challenge the winter in its last dismal stand;

Avaunt to the cold and its icy north blast!

The blossoms are coming and winter is past.

"Cheer up, deary, cheer up, deary, cheer up, dear!"

A new note is sounded, paen of good cheer.

"Cheer up, deary, cheer up, deary; cheer up, dear!"

The gloom days are over, there's nothing to fear.

Ah, see how he peeks through the half-open door,

And struts on the porch; and the crumbs on the floor

Are almost enough to turn his head, quite,—

Well, I'll confess, he'll not starve tonight.

"I want cherries, I want cherries; cherries, dear!"

What's that, you rascal! Now isn't it queer,

I give him the breadcrumbs, and this what I hear,

"I want cherries; I want cherries; cherries, dear!"

Aha, little beggar, you steal of my fruit  
 And then in my presence you tune on your lute!  
 How now, little glutton, will you leave me a berry?  
 Why! He bows in his pastime, and drops me a cherry.

He drops me a cherry and then the sly rogue  
 Flits off to the branches and derides in this brogue;  
 "Chew it; chew it; chew it, dear!"

And he feasts on the berries so lusciously near.  
 And morning and noon, and the dewy eve  
 His liquid sweet notes their melody weave,  
 Till the thrill of the joy of each newborn day  
 Resolves into peace that will ne'er pass away.

Eat on, little stranger, in me behold a friend;  
 And even your poaching I fain will defend;  
 But a tithe do you ask for the pleasure you give,  
 And your heart has the answer, to "Live and Let Live."  
 Not a sweet do you take but you return to us two,  
 And the psalms to your sky each spring you renew,—  
 Give hope to the dreary, and joy to us all,  
 And always you hearten with your cheerful wild call,  
 "Cheer up, deary; cheer up, deary; cheer, cheer!"

Editor's Note: The robin's call in March is indicated by the first two stanzas. The Robin changes his call in June when the cherries are ripe. Listen to his call this year and see for yourself.

## LEETLE PETER OOPDYKE

Leetle Peter Oopdyke,  
He vos a funny feller,  
Ven his fader spanked him  
He vood begin to beller,  
But when his mudder luffed him  
He vood begin to smile;  
Ach, leetle Peter Oopdyke,  
Vas laffin' all the while.

Leetle Peter Oopdyke,  
He had such funny klose—  
In all my life I never saw  
Some panteys yust like those,  
Dey come way out like von balloon  
Unt like a bag dey hung,  
His leetle face vos like a moon,  
Yust fresh from scrubbing brung.

Yas, leetle Peter Oopdyke,  
He vore big vooden shoes  
Unt clattered up around the house  
Ust ven I wants to snooze;  
Unt ven I tell him, "Go away  
Unt no more make dat noise,"  
He oops and kissed me on der mout;  
My, vat a funny boys!

But, ach! I luf dat little tyke,  
Shust so high as a chair,  
He runs around the house all day,  
Unt has such yellow hair.  
Unt ven I look into his eyes  
To see dem deep unt blue,  
Py golley, it makes me good right here,—  
Unt you would luf him too!

## TOODLUMS IS GONE

Toodlums is gone,  
And as I wander about the house  
Searching ever, I know not why,  
My hand takes up a little blouse  
And I can bare suppress a sigh.  
It is so still, so awful still,  
For baby feet no more resound  
Upon the stairs, upon the floor,  
And baby words no more abound.

Toodlums is gone,  
I sadly stroke the Teddy bear  
Which lonesome stands in yonder corner,  
And wonder when that little chair  
Had last rested the little mourner;  
Each scattered toy upon the floor,  
The pop-eyed doll with trowsled hair,  
The Mother Goose with color page,  
All seemed to wait for Toodlums there.

Toodlums is gone,  
His curly top will never bob  
Its timid way through life again,  
For like the mystic kiss of heaven  
He had come in joy and passed in pain;  
And though the tears of love may well  
Into the eye and salve the soul,  
Yet must we know that he has gone,—  
While weary years must take their toll.

Toodlums is gone.  
Oh, God in Heaven, must I wait  
So long to hear his childish voice  
As it lisps aloud in happy joy  
A coo to make my heart rejoice?  
I close my lids and in a mist  
I see his eyes laugh into mine,  
And baby arms are wide outstretched  
For me; he snuggles soft in Thine.

## EVENING PRAYER

Father, keep my babe tonight,  
Guard him from care and pain,  
Guide him aright all the way,  
Keep him thru every day;  
Joy and sorrow may come, Dear Lord,  
But Love and Hope comes again;  
Rest thy dear hand on his head then, Dear Lord,  
Oh, bless him, Dear Lord, I pray.

Heaven protect my boy through life,  
Make him to be clean and pure;  
Make him a man of faith in all strife,  
Help him his cross to endure.  
Rest thy dear hand on his head then, Dear Lord,  
Oh, bless him, Dear Lord, this day,  
Rest thy dear hand on his head then, Dear Lord,  
Oh, bless him, Dear Lord, I pray.

## A BUSHEL OF SNOW

ARABESQUE

*(One side of the shield)*

A bushel of snow,  
A bushel of snow,  
'Twill make the ground white  
Where'er it may go.  
'Twill make it quite white  
On some cold windy night,  
And will bring much delight  
To the children of wealth—  
Ah, those children of wealth!

'Twill bring much delight,  
On that cold windy night,  
To those children of wealth  
Who have enzymes of health,  
And bright flashing eyes,  
With no reason for sighs,  
With rose-tinted cheeks,—  
Roses of health,  
Roses of wealth,—  
Of hygienic living,  
Of loving and giving,  
Of a physician's fond care,  
And God's fresh, pure air;  
Sleeping porches and tennis,  
They escape the menace  
Of squabble and grime,  
Of misery and slime;  
Gruesome tuberculosis,  
Arterial sclerosis.



They live in the open  
With nurses to watch them  
And tutors to hopen  
And chauffeurs to match them.  
Ah, those children of wealth!  
Surely should have health  
To love that white snow,  
That bushel of snow,  
Which will swirl and blow,  
Blow wildly and stinging,  
Like the banshee a-ringing  
Its weird, melancholy song  
All through the night long,  
Till the maids crouch in terror  
As they hear the ghost-chant  
Grooge out its dread cant;  
And the spooks peer in windows  
Of the superstitious throng  
All the weird night long  
Till the first break of day  
Drives the banshee away.

And the wit frightened maid  
Still palely afraid,  
Peers out on the lawn  
In that eerie early dawn,  
And she smiles a wan smile  
For a wee, little while,—  
A wee, sickly smile  
For just a little while,—  
And then tells of her terror  
With words full of error,  
What she saw and heard  
What she heard and saw,  
While the wind was a-blowing,  
And skies were a-snowing,  
That wild, winter night.  
And she peoples her fright  
With the banshee's flight,

And ghosts and sprites,  
And a green floating light;  
And she swears that she saw  
With a child in its maw  
A werewolf in the air  
As it howled around there,  
A skeleton form  
Which still had the worm  
Gnawing at its cold breast  
And its carrion chest,—  
A gruesome specter  
A hideous troll  
Of long ages past,  
Returned at last  
To scare this sad maid  
Who stood there afraid  
On that wild, winter's night.

And she shakes her head  
At the howls of delight,  
Which the children of wealth  
Call out as they roll,  
And tumble and slide  
In the snow outside,  
For that big bushel of snow  
Must bring someone grim woe;  
For the banshee has cried  
So someone has died  
And is covered outside,  
Oh, is covered out there  
Where the firs droop, and where  
The mounds of drift snow  
Had been forced to blow  
By the bitter north wind,  
The soulless north wind,  
Which butted and battled,  
And hissed and rattled,  
All through the night.  
The night of white

Brings forms and fright  
For some, but pleasure and joy  
For the girl and boy,  
Who has health and wealth,  
And warmth 'gainst the stealth  
Of the bitter, bitter cold.

'Tis good to have gold  
To buy crusts and coal,  
To buy peace for the soul,  
Which is only sold  
If you have the gold,  
As we have always been told.  
Yes, we are always told.  
And if we haven't the gold,  
Then we must stay cold;  
For the pirates and ghouls,  
Like devilfish and owls,  
Watch o'er their hoard  
Of million-aged coal  
In the bowels of the earth.  
It belonged to the God,  
Who gave it to men  
With majestic, soft word,  
But 'twas stolen by thieves,  
By the cursed robber chiefs,  
At the gracious Son's birth,  
Who were not thrust in the gaol  
Like any other vile clod,  
But, like Judas, escaped  
To do it all over again.

And the children of men?—  
Ah, the children shout,  
And the sleighbells ring out,  
For that white, sifting snow,  
That big bushel of snow,  
Has brought with it the glow  
Of happiness and joy

To that girl and that boy,  
Who romp and play  
In the snow all day;  
Romp and play  
And build their mock forts,  
Igloos, and other sports  
In the big bushels of snow,  
Before it can go,—  
Their dialed fox and geese,  
Snow men with white fleece,  
Stomp the leader,  
And in the drifts they pile,  
With shouts of laughter,  
And hoots all the while,  
Angels with wings,  
And many other things  
In the deep, pure snow.

For all the boys know  
That when the snow packs  
You have to roll stacks  
Of gigantic, white balls  
Before the school calls,  
And jack them in rows  
Upon rows of white walls.  
While from eyes and nose  
Runs the blinding sap,  
And the hands will chap;  
But who cares for such woes,  
While the red cheek glows,  
And the boy's heart knows  
What everybody knows,  
That the beautiful snows  
Were made just for fun,  
Which has just begun  
When the old bell rings  
And its cruel message brings,  
"Come on to school,  
Come on to school."

“Oh, hang the old bell!  
Why, why in—well  
Why can't it desist  
Or drop from its tower,  
'Twill never be missed;  
An extra hour  
Out here in the snow  
Would be better, I know,  
Than digging in Caesar  
Before that old geezer  
Who calls for the gerund  
Or ablative of motion,—  
I wish the old ocean  
Were between her and school,  
Or some fool errand  
Would take the old mule.”  
But insistently calling  
With monotonous song,  
“Ding-a-dong—Ding-a-dong!”  
There can be no stalling  
To break the rule,  
“Come to school, come to school!”  
So with reluctant, nipped feet,  
They wander away  
Through snow and sleet.  
But soon their bright hearts  
A warm glow imparts  
To the snow flurried day;  
And they scamper and shout  
While yodels ring out  
On the wintry air  
And again all is fair.  
For the bushel of snow  
Has banished boy-woe.  
So hail to the conqueror,  
Big bushel of snow!

## A BUSHEL OF SNOW

*(The obverse side)*

Big bushel of snow,  
Big bushel of snow,  
To some it brings joy  
To others it brings woe.  
Woe, woe stalks on the path,  
The ice-fringed path,  
Of big bushels of snow.  
The wild winds howl,  
And the snow sprites call,  
The hyenas of death yowl,  
As the snow flakes fall;  
For that mantle of white,  
Oh, that shroud of white,  
Which is falling so soft  
All through the cold night  
Is bringing wan death  
And hopeless misery.

Its icy-filled breath  
Many a time and oft  
Is fraught with the sting  
Of death, and its wing  
Of soft fluffy white,  
Which has feathered the night,  
Covers the stark, frozen form  
Of the jetsam of the storm.  
Oh, horrible fate  
Of those, who too late  
Discover that death  
Lurks in the zero breath

Of the star-shaped snow,  
The hypocritical snow,  
Which comes and which goes  
With its joys and its woes;  
So sudden, so terribly sudden  
That the poor can never prepare  
For the time coming where  
They may house themselves carefully,  
And warmly and prayerfully,  
'Gainst the howling winds scudding  
From the Arctic waste  
To give them a taste  
Of the lurking death.

'Tis hid in the breath  
Of the soft, fluffy snow  
Which the north winds blow,  
But which bites and stings  
When Aurora Borealis brings  
Its eerie flashings in the sky,—  
Flashings from space,  
A wireless from eternity  
Which bears no grace  
Nor hint of its enormity  
That the unprepared must die,  
Must die! That the unprepared,  
The laggard and poor,  
The wailing at the door,  
The halt and the lame,  
The weakling and the game,  
The staring and the stared,  
In squalor and in grime,  
Without reason or rhyme,  
Must die.

For the snow,  
With its slithering fingers,  
With icy grasp, feloniously lingers  
And grabs the poor crouchant,



Huddled and couchant,  
In the dark, freezing shack,  
Where all things lack,  
And slowly its clasp,  
Like the sting of an asp,  
Closes about and about,  
Till life is frozen out,  
Ah, the soul is frozen out!  
And mere hideous forms,  
Fit food for the worms,  
Caricatures of being,  
Unhearing, unseeing,  
Are left in the squalor,  
'Neath the moon's ashy pallor,  
'Neath the shred of the rags  
Which had covered that corpse,  
Barely covered that corpse,  
Barely covered but no more,  
For no fire was there,  
No heat in the air,  
No food on the shelf,  
To strengthen himself,  
An outcast forgotten,  
Now frozen and rotten.

But once, ah, once long ago  
'Twas a mother's sweet woe,  
A mother's sad pain,  
And joy come again,  
A father's fond hope,—  
But now lying there  
In winter's grim lair  
Lies nothing that mortal  
Within that grim portal  
Could bring back again  
To the knowledge of men.  
All the hopeless waste  
Of a life of distaste,  
For big bushels of snow

With its billows of woe  
Its mantle of white,  
Through the cruel, cold night  
Has stopped the heart beat,  
The dreary life's cheat,  
And that bushel of snow  
Has called, called away  
To an icier day  
The cuddled, shivering wretch,  
'Neath the damp, rotting thatch  
Of that shack in the vale,  
'Side the malignant swale,  
To a cavernous woe.

So hail to the snow,  
Big bushels of snow,—  
To some it brings joy  
But to some it spells woe!  
Woe!  
    Woe!

## GOING TO MEET GRANDMA

"I's goin' to meet my Gran'ma,"  
Said the maid all dressed in white,  
As she stood before the dresser  
And her eyes were sparkling bright.  
"I's goin' to meet my Gran'ma,  
For my Mama's sick in bed,  
And I's got to go and meet her,  
For she's coming soon, she said."

"I's goin' to meet my Gran'ma,"  
As she toddled down the street,  
And she smiled a happy greeting  
To every one she met;  
And they smiled back at the baby,  
And looked after as she passed,  
For the angels hovered near her,  
And her eyes and lips they kissed.

"I's goin' to meet my Gran'ma,  
And I's goin' to the train,  
For my Gran'ma couldn't find her  
Way to Mama's house again;  
And I want my Gran'ma right now,  
For my Mama's orful sick,  
So I just thought I would get her,  
And surprise my Mama quick."

Far away the baby toddled,  
And the nurse there at her home  
Wondered where the little youngster  
Could have had the urge to roam;  
Far she wandered toward the station,  
Lisping soft her glad refrain,  
"Yes, I's goin' to get my Gran'ma,  
To make my Mama well again."

Through the crowded streets she wandered,  
Past the watchman at the gate  
Who was talking with another,  
Noticed not until too late,—  
Then a shriek rang through the station,  
And a voice cried on the air,  
“My God! the child’s in danger!  
Who can rush to save her there?”

Frantic sprang the awed attendants,  
Wildly cried the crowd in fear,  
Wierdly screamed the engine whistle,  
When the startled engineer  
Beheld the baby as it stumbled  
On the crossties down the track,  
And his hair turned white in terror!  
Could no one call the toddler back?

Quick he thrust the grinding brakes on,  
Tried to check the onward rush;  
His face was furrowed deep in sorrow,  
An awful groan broke through the hush;  
For the child brooked not the danger  
Rushing toward her, demon-like,  
But onward tottered to her finish  
Where the monster grim should strike.

With a moan the crowd beheld it,  
None could reach her e’er too late,  
With a cry the trainmen shuddered,  
As they saw her awful fate;  
God in Heaven! Pull the curtain,  
As the bundle gowned in white  
Was mangled by the car wheels  
People fainted at the sight.

Sadly gathered they the baby  
Crushed and limp—but on the face  
Still the smile of girlish daydream,

Smile of peace and childish grace ;  
For the infant still seemed toddling  
On its way to meet her friend,  
And her lips still seemed to whisper  
She would meet her in the end.

Oh, the sadness as they laid her  
In the coldness of her grave !  
Oh, the sobs that shook the station  
As they saw the flowers they gave ;  
Sad the city mourned in temples,  
Ne'er could each the other greet ;  
Yes, she went to meet her grandma,  
But 'twas at the Mercy seat.



**PATRIOTIC POEMS**





# PATRIOTIC POEMS

## THE GOD OF WAR

Tremble nations ; for I come  
With wail of dirge and roll of drum ;  
My banners flash across the sky  
And all who see behold to die.  
Destroy I all that has been built  
By sweat of brow and dreams divine,  
And at my feet the blood is spilt  
Which throbbed in hearts that raised my shrine ;  
For I, the horrid God of War,  
Stalk gaunt across the paths of peace,  
And blast and sear the souls of men  
With screams of death and cannon roar ;  
    And I kill, kill, kill !  
    Until I get my fill ;  
And I devour the pride and flower of all the anguished  
    earth ;  
    Yes, I kill, kill, kill !  
    Destroy, where'er I will,—  
I take the small, the large, the tall,—fair lives of massive  
    worth.

Tremble, people! Grovel low!  
Each gory step will bring ye woe.  
Woe! Woe! the Heaven's red  
Reflects the slimy rows of dead,  
And all the trappings of the arms  
Are tarnished tinsel, soon to yield  
In ghastly grime and stricken forms  
Its fading sheen upon the field ;  
The best to pay the Lord of War  
Its tithe celestial from each soul ;  
To drain the drops—the bitter toll  
That blasts the nations evermore.  
    For I kill, kill, kill !

All the day and night, until  
 The very stones run blood, and bones are rotting in the  
 night;  
 Aye, I kill, kill, kill!  
 And I never get my fill;  
 I destroy in fiendish joy, and festering crime is my  
 delight.

Tremble, Heavens! Hear my voice!  
 Its sounds of pain make fiends rejoice.  
 From brazen lips belch forth commands,  
 And myriad deaths stretch out their hands.  
 While the people worry, worry;  
 How they rush and run and scurry!  
 And grow pale and sickly grope—a fearsome stricken  
 heap!  
 While from out my mouth the fire  
 Blasts like Sodom flame, or Tyre,  
 Hell's destructive lavas fill the trenches millions deep.  
 For its War! War! War!  
 Though none can tell just what it's for;  
 But every home must fill with gloom because my hand  
 is raised in wrath;  
 And it's War! War! War!  
 Such as never cursed before,  
 Still must the tramp of armies stamp down progress in  
 my murderous path.

## L'ENVOI

Ah, God in Heaven,—most Righteous One,  
 That knowest the end long e'er begun,  
 Give us the strength, the power to save  
 This trembling earth from ambition's slave.  
 Impart the vision that hope is not lost,  
 And Progress be not in Oblivion tossed;  
 But gird our loins in this monstrous fray  
 So that our homes fade not away.  
 Ay, bless our banners in the sky,  
 Of the avenging Army of the Lord Most High!

## MY NATIVE LAND

Ah, my native land, that I should live to see  
Thee plunged again within the deep morain  
Of War, and lose thy long Divinity  
Which near hadst won—didst bare by grace attain  
By super thought, by power above, by might  
From Heaven lent to nobly fill thy glorious destiny!

Why didst thou grasp the will-o-wisp of War,  
Which turned to murdering viper in thy grasp,  
And spewing forth the venom of the hidden store  
Of evil, lust, did sting thee like an asp,  
Until thy bowels swelled fat with pain, and from  
Thy side crawled leprous things to harm thee evermore?

Thy aching brain did long resist the lecherous plot,  
Of war-soaked gnomes, who sought the bloody path,  
And now while horrors grim will be thy lot,  
Yet canst thou know the God of Right in wrath  
Will gird thy sides with sword and shield;  
So strike, strike hard, my native land, and *falter not*.

## NO COWARDS HERE

Did you ever see a Sammy finch  
 When it came to working hard?  
 Did America ever spawn a coward?  
 Is your pal a slacker, pard?  
 From '76 to '98 have we ever thrown down  
 the sponge?  
 Not on your life, we stand the gaff,  
 And are ready to make the plunge!

Who says the spirit of '76  
 Has died in the scramble for wealth?  
 Who says the rights of the world are lost  
 In the search for pleasure and health?  
 In peace we bless the work of day,  
 Enjoy the things that God is giving,  
 But slumbering never! In our heart  
 The love of justice still is living.

A sleeping dog most quiet is,  
 But rouse him with a sudden kick  
 Upsoon behold his snarl of rage,  
 And teeth are felt a-twinkling quick.  
 And so beneath the thin veneer  
 Of quiet, family-loving Yanks,  
 You find, when Justice cries aloud,  
 That every man will swell the ranks.

Each man will boil his heart in rage,  
 Each American, with fearless eye,  
 Will call to man and give his all  
 That Liberty shall never die.  
 For with such souls the world is safe  
 Beyond the schemes of wild autocracy;  
 God made this earth so all may live;—  
 We make it safe for true Democracy!

## SEEKING THE BEAN

At mess one day the boys had soup—  
That's what I said, s-o-u-p ;  
The camp cook claimed 'twas made of beans—  
And beans are good enough for me.

I drank my bowl of camouflage,  
And pitched right into the coming grub,  
But when we all were nearly filled,  
We glanced surprise at 30's dub.

There he sat and sat and stirred,  
But not a move to eat made he,  
But stirred he well and gazed in gloom,  
And he stirred and glowered on the pale puree.

“Hi there, dub! what evil sprite  
Passes your warped and vagrant brain?  
Why not get busy with the soup?—”  
But he only stirred that mirage again.

A dazed look spread o'er his face,  
In agony he peered and gazed,  
And gradually his injured voice  
In petulant protest was raised.

“Hi say, my corporal, me man,  
Hi say, this blooming stuff is thin.  
They call this soup, but where's the goop  
That made the stuff or brought it in?”

The corporal came and eyed the dub,  
“Hoot Mon! what's aching ye this day?  
That's soup allricht, just drink it doon,  
The mess is done, now come away.”

But the raw recruit just stirred his soup,  
Nor ate nor drank he all that eve;  
The flag retreat and roll call came,  
Nor would he then his stirring leave.

The sun went down, the night wind blew,  
But yet he stirred—persistent chap—  
Until the Corporal called the Sarg,  
The Sarg the Lieut, and he the Cap.

The Captain came in dudgeon wild,  
His face flushed red, his eyes flashed green,  
“Come man! what freak possesses ye!”—  
Then quoth the Rookey with humble mien,  
“My Cap, I merely seek the bean.”



## TAPS

## AN ELEGY OF THE TRENCHES

The flickering shadows waver fitfully  
As the candle flame dodges bright, now flares, now dim,  
Like the aspen white and green in the scented breeze  
Of spring,—the half-bowed moon, a slender pallid rim.  
The walled trench lies silent, threatening,  
While now, anon, the softly suppressed clank  
Of some deadly steel strikes 'gainst the rising mound  
Of some foul instrument of death, reeking, cold, and dank.

The hushed voice of twilight has long sought its nocturnal couch,

And fleeting time has softly sunk in vales of Lethe;  
A brooding pause has shrived the carnage of the day,  
And somnolent shadows group the camouflage beneath;  
The throbbing bugle sounds its shivering mournful lay;  
So, good-night, boys. Lights out!

Across the dim and distant vista rasps  
The clarion note of some hoarse-voiced command,  
Where the Boche relieves his wearied mate in crime,  
To take the post and watch the space of No Man's Land.  
Full brothers they, yet subtly aim in hate to slay  
Their western friends—friends whom they had no cause  
to hate,

But urged on by strident, false-voiced sophistries,  
And ambition's vaunting appetite to sate;  
Too late will they discover that the Gilded High  
Are not their peers or even their Saviour's friend,—  
And yet they crouch and watch and wait and prey  
As we our own, our rights and liberties defend.  
Ah, well, 'tis night; the morn may see a better day,—  
So, good-night, boys. Lights out!

## 112 STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

Far in the threatening gloom we see the shimmering  
flash

Of the murdering shell as it spreads its fiendish agony,  
And to the flash, like thunder to the lightning stroke,  
We hear the rumble of the blast, an earnest of Eternity.  
God save us all! Behind yon darkling limned hills  
Hide demons wild,— the thoughts malevolent of cursed  
mind;

But far beyond, the creamy milk of kindness grows not  
cold,

For there the gentle nurses minister succor to their kind;  
Altho' the lowering skies hold pendulous tears unwiped,  
And 'neath our feet the slime of Europe holds its nause-  
ous sway,

Yet in our hearts we find the courage of the white crusade,  
And still our God doth live and bring a nobler, future  
day.

Yes, so our soul thrills high with yonder bugle's last sad  
ode;

So, good-night, boys. Lights out!

One moment ago there passed in slow and silent step  
Six head-bowed forms with shrouded stretchers borne  
between,

And on those swaying couches I could dimly see  
Three ghastly shapes—that once had joyed and raced  
upon the green,—

Three boys from home, victims of yon insane dark mon-  
ster's hate,

The fruits of war—sad comment of the Kultur of the age!  
And so may I, or may some other grieving mother's son  
Become the victim of the lust so insensate.

The murmuring voices of the pallid, gruesome hour  
But emphasize the unseen threatenings of the Stygian  
night,

For e'en the mountains tremble at the demon's power.  
Yet rest we silent,—assured 'tis but the nightmare's  
palsied fright—

That bugle's last sad requiem sobs o'er the shrouded bower  
Of the Dead. So good-night boys. Lights out!

## THE DESERTER

The bugle sounded the reveille,  
And out of our bunks the company filed,  
While each one asked still drowsily  
What might portend this summons wild.

“Awake, arise!” the insistent note  
Climbed up and up on the clear night air,  
And sobbed and rose, like a bobbing boat  
Upon the waves of the stream Lodaire.

With hasty toilet and heads erect  
We stood “attention” with raised hands,  
While from mouth to mouth the whispers flew  
That a deserter must answer grim War’s demands.

We stood there mute, but tense our throat,  
We seemed to scent the grave import,  
For down the line a sad-faced lad  
Was slowly led with pacings short.

A lad, I said—some mother’s boy  
Had fled the duties of the siege,  
Stampeded by the vision of death ahead,  
Had chosen the hidden woods near Liege.

Had chosen, but chosen without leave,  
And at the summons in the morn  
His place was blank, deserted his straw,  
For in his heart the “fear” was born.

’Twas not the cowardliness of the churl  
That led that lad unto his shame,  
But impulsive youth still loved its life,  
And forgot for the nonce his nobler name.

As down the taut and expectant line  
He cringed to the lash of God's cruel whip,  
A groan breathed low from the hopeless sky,  
The tear-stopped eye, the trembling lip.

He came; full well he knew his fate,  
For War is Hell, and more than all,  
He knew that mercy is unknown  
Where discipline has heard the call.

A comrade once he was of ours,  
A joyous, sparkling, thoughtless lad;  
Fullhearted, sharing his every crust,—  
And now, must we believe him bad?

He had debauched one moment's strength,  
But there are times in each man's life  
That all are cowards, the form too weak  
To shoulder the sting of sterner strife.

God pity him there and pity us all  
Who falter along in faint degree,  
For but for the accident of my birth  
That lad out there might well be me.

## BULLETS, BULLETS, BULLETS!

(Story of the Battle of San Juan Hill)

Slow the tragic day was breaking.  
Far across the gloomy vale  
Hung the misty cloud of morning  
Roseate hued, now gold, now pale.  
Sleepily the chirp from branches  
Echoed soft the drowsy plaint  
Of the oriole and the swallow,  
While a song sounds sweet and faint  
Dim beyond the wooded hillside,  
And a stir thrills through the camp.  
Then the sudden blast of bugle  
Pierces keen the clinging damp.  
"Up! Awake, ye slumbering soldiers!  
For today the day of doom!  
Strike for right and right will triumph!  
Drive away the Stygian gloom  
Of oppressed and suffering neighbors  
Crouching low in dread despair!  
Strike for freedom of the masses!  
Hear ye not their moaning there?"  
Soon the roll of drum and cannon  
Trembled o'er the sodden ground,  
For eftsoon the bravest of them  
Would be mouldering in a mound.

They were to face bullets, bullets, bullets!  
Flying through the torrid air;  
Howling shot and shrieking shrapnel,  
To make the hillside bleak and bare.  
Bullets, bullets, bullets!  
Smell of death and serpent sting;  
Moaning bullets! Biting bullets!



Some that shout and some that sing.  
 Wild their cry as they strike,  
 Cruel bullets for the brave,  
 Crash of steel and roaring cannon,  
 Sounds of slaughter and the grave!

Soon then moves the mighty army,  
 Like a snake it dares the hill;  
 Slow uncoils its shining body,  
 While above the guns are still.  
 Yard on yard with threatening rumble  
 Mounts each column to its height,  
 While behind and all around them  
 Gleam the pennants in the light.  
 It seemed as though the world entire  
 Did move there slow with measured tread;  
 It seemed that God in Heaven stood and  
 Looked upon the scene in dread.  
 Persistent, steady, firm they climb  
 Until the cannon on the brow  
 Of yonder hill stood bleak and frowning,  
 Threatening death; while then and now  
 The bugle sound re-echoed shrill  
 The hoarse command of our brave Ted;  
 We could not shirk at this grand moment,  
 For each heart leaped where 'twas led.  
 When sudden inferno broke on the air,  
 And wild the scene in an instant came,  
 For from the heights there sprang the blow,  
 And line on line of ghastly flame.

There were bullets, bullets, bullets!  
 All around us in the air!  
 Howling bullets, shrieking bullets,  
 Shells and bombs were bursting there!  
 "Forward men!" the cry was carried;  
 "Cut the fence and scale the wall!  
 Care ye not for weak destruction,  
 "Forward men, my heroes all!"

Up and up the spirit called them;  
Bullets! Bullets flying fast!  
"Wave the standard, Color-bearer!  
Colors LEAD, but never last!"

The youthful lad, drest in fatigue,  
The blood-mark streaming from his head,  
Sprang forward quickly at the order  
E'en though the soul was filled with dread.  
Ne'er e'er this had he faced destruction,  
Although his heart had leapt with fear,  
Yet forward pressed he, ever forward,  
Knowing his danger, strangling, drear;  
For 'tis not he who runs pell-mell  
Into the jaws of waiting death  
Without the knowledge, cause, or thought  
Of what awaits, should wear the wreath  
Of hero's name; but he who knows  
Full well the doom and sting hid there,  
And still persists, puts down despair  
And ventures all,—for *Him* the cheer!  
For him the plaudits of mankind  
Should ring in echoes from above.  
He fronts Grim Death with smiling face  
And dares the dregs of Fate for love;  
And so this lad, when hearts had quailed,  
Led on the struggling, reeking mass;  
Far in advance his guerdon led them  
Until he scaled the angry pass.

With bullets, bullets, bullets!  
Howling round his youthful head,  
And bullets, bullets, bullets!  
Piling up the ghastly dead.  
Did he waver, shrink, or falter  
On the brink beyond the wall?  
Not a moment dipped the banner,  
But again we hear his call!  
"Forward, comrades! See them scatter!"



Onward! Onward, to the fray!  
 God, I thank thee for thy goodness!  
 Help us drive the fiends away!"

Through the horrid din of battle  
 Far and far they heard the cry;  
 His it was to lead the vanguard;  
 His it was to do and die.  
 Clouds of shrivelling, writhing sulphur  
 Roared around in angry might;  
 Fiends incarnate, fiends of slaughter,  
 Waged for wrong, and fought for right.  
 Cannon crashing, belched and bellowed,  
 While above and through the sound,  
 Hoarse commands and blast of bugle  
 Urged the staggering heroes 'round.  
 Just an instant paused the ensign  
 As he sprang within the wall  
 With a cheer of boyish victory,—  
 Then gave forth his clarion call:  
 "Forward, comrades! See them scatter!  
 Onward! Onward, to the fray!  
 God, I thank thee for thy goodness!  
 Help us drive the fiends away!"

But in that moment, with bold pennant  
 Swinging high aloft the mound,  
 Came a saber on the temple  
 And he sank low to the ground.  
 Still he feebly waved his banner,  
 Feebly called he as he lay,  
 "Onward, comrades, press ye forward!  
 See them run! We've won the day!"

And there were bullets, bullets, bullets!  
 All around us in the air!  
 How they howled and screeched and bellowed!  
 How the men were dying there!  
 Shrieked the cannister as it hurtled

Through the ranks of wavering men;  
 Groans of anguish rose to heaven,  
 And the battle shout again!  
 Nothing daunts them,—forward—faster!  
 Cheer on cheer o’ertops the cry!  
 While the bitter boom of bullets,  
 Bullets, bullets! reach the sky.

. . . . .

Gently, soft and slow we laid him  
 On the grass now trampled o’er;  
 While the heavens seemed to sadden  
 At the stain upon her floor.  
 All with head low-bent, uncovered,  
 And sad tears in many eyes,  
 For ’tis not the arrant coward,  
 Alas, ’tis oft the hero dies.  
 Breezes, fragrant perfumed breezes,  
 Lade with myrrh, magnolia, pine,  
 Spread its hallowed nature’s incense  
 Through the silent sylvan shrine;  
 While anon far through the distant  
 Hush of sorrow in the glade  
 Came the low and solemn rolling  
 Of the drumbeats in the shade.  
 “God of Battle, is it worthy  
 For thy bravest men to die?  
 Must the dismal death take every  
 Hero soul that fain would try?”  
 Soon with hectic moan and effort  
 Gently raised upon his arm,  
 And with dying breath he murmured  
 And gasped out his last alarm:

“Never mind the bullets, bullets!  
 Let them screech up in the air!  
 Let them howl and scream and bellow,

They'll not harm you while they're there,  
Let the enemy see your colors,  
Face the Spaniards on the Hill!  
Let them know that hearts and honor  
In our ranks are beating still!  
Forward men! Ah! forward, faster!—  
Cheer on cheer raise to the sky!  
Never-mind-the-hiss-of-bullets!"—  
Then his soul sought rest on high.

**PEP POEMS**



# PEP POEMS

## JUST KEEP AGOIN'

If the world looks dark to you—keep agoin',  
If you don't know what to do—keep agoin',  
If the skies no more are blue,  
And your friends no more are true,  
If the coins on hand are few,  
Why, don't you care,  
    Just keep agoin'!

If you're tired—lost your way—keep agoin',  
If your boss has said you nay—keep agoin'.  
What's the difference what they say,  
Tomorrow's as good as any day,  
Now's the time to make your hay,  
Just whet your scythe—  
    And keep agoin'!

Some folks push you off the track? keep agoin'!  
If in a boat just change your tack—keep agoin'.  
Every man must bear his pack,  
And very few will make their stack;  
Just watch your turn, and take your whack.  
Oh—it will come—  
    But keep agoin'!

If all ideals have turned thin air—keep agoin'.  
Don't waste your time in blank despair—keep agoin'.  
Only the bold will win the fair,  
There's many a bird up in the air,  
There's fun in life, forget your care,—  
Just take a hold—  
    And keep agoin'!

Reprinted from College News, 1899.

## SMILIN' THROUGH

You can boast all you want to 'bout the man who's made  
 his pile,  
 And can say that he is jolly and he always has a smile;  
 He may even be good-natured and may have a mighty  
 laugh,  
 And the people may all love him 'cause he shares his  
 good things half,  
 Giving to the poor and needy, to the trodden down  
 and blue,  
 But his measure is his power to just keep a-smilin'  
 through.

Can he keep that smile agoin' when his fortune's swept  
 away?  
 Can he share his daily pittance, and do it every day?  
 When his million bones have shrunken until they're  
 down to pan,  
 Can he shrug his drooping shoulders and be a smiling  
 man?  
 Can he do down 'mong the many what he did when  
 among the few?  
 Can he take the kicks of fortune and keep a-smilin'  
 through?

Ah, 'tis easy to give a pittance, when you've more than  
 you can spend;  
 And its fun to scatter largess, when your fortune's with-  
 out end;  
 It is nought to smile and carol when the wolves are  
 far away,  
 But it is a different story when at your door they bay.  
 It's hard to share your meager wage when it nearly  
 beggars you;  
 It's hard to face the ugly world an' keep a-smilin'  
 through.



The man I think a hero is the one who takes his blows,  
The one who mutters grimly that he's goin' to face his  
foes,

And facing his tormentors still has a moment free  
To share his crust and bowl of soup with one more  
poor than he,—

One who can keep his head up high and to his faith be  
true,—

The man who never slinks nor whines, but keeps a-smilin'  
through.

## SUCCESS

Success is not jist cash and rents,  
 Nor is it jist yer dollars and cents,  
 It's more than last will and testaments,  
     For it's the stuff yer made uv, old man.  
 Ye may have yer gold and silver bills,  
 And may pile up yer coin in yer creaking tills.  
 But Success isn't turned out by the paper mills,  
     It's a heapin' lot more than that, old man.

To hear some men ye'd mostly feel  
 That Success is puttin' across a deal  
 That's big, no matter how big the steal,  
     But it ain't, old boy, and ye know it.  
 Some books would diagram Success,  
 And see it like a game of chess,  
 But follow it through—it's but a mess,  
     For it's in the heart, and good eyes show it.

No, no, my boy, it's more than gold,  
 Just gettin' of money is awful old,  
 The pirate gets his, but cash is cold,  
     And success means more than that.  
 You may have yer bonds and yer ill-got wealth,  
 And yer precious stones which ye stole by stealth,  
 But ye've ruined yer soul, and ye've lost yer health,  
     And yer Faith has left ye flat.

## THE PEPTOMANIAC

I've heard more freaks and seen more freaks,  
Than you can find the space  
In many homes for lunny domes  
Or any other place.  
But the wooziest one allowed to run  
The city streets alone  
Is the maniac who is off his track  
About the supertone.

The supertone? Just telephone  
The nut-house in your town;  
They'll quick explain with cold disdain  
That many have come down.  
It is the gink who tries to think  
That he alone has knack  
To run the nation, or all creation,—  
The Peptomaniac.

His mind is dim, but he has the vim  
To make a ponderous noise.  
All things are slow, they have no go;  
"Speed up, there, all you boys!"  
Now just get hep and put some pep  
Into the work in hand.  
Just as I said, you men are dead.  
Come on and start the band!"

No matter how fast the train has passed,  
He calls it mighty slow;  
And a far-flung brick may travel quick,  
But to him it has no go.

All men but him are on the rim  
 Of the grave and falling in,  
 But he, good Lord! To hear his word—  
 He only knows how to win.

Our college yell is always hell,  
 When that man is around,  
 For he says we are dead or poorly fed,—  
 A babe could make more sound.  
 It makes him weep—we are asleep—  
 We have a fearful rep;  
 He calls us bumps, he has the jumps,  
 And shouts to "GIT MORE PEP."

Oh yas, oh yas, we take his sass,  
 And obediently we raise  
 Our weakly wails in languid hails  
 Against our easy days;  
 For that pest has come, and things  
     must hum  
 Until we jamb him back.  
 He'll wake us up, like a boisterous pup.  
 Hang the Peptomaniac!

## WHAT, NOT WHO

The world has changed since long ago,  
Has changed, and tho it's funny,  
A man's known not by his graceful bow,  
Nor alone for his pater's money.  
The world loves not the baser view,  
It looks for actions, noble true,  
We ask to-day not "Who are you?"  
But just, my boy, "What can you do?"

Bold youth strikes out with vaunting air  
And makes wide proclamation.  
"Behold," he cries, "my record fair,  
I come from ancient nation;  
My family tree contained the glow  
Of a crown and cross in the long ago;  
My blood is blue,—” "But hold! E'en so,"  
We cry, "my boy what can YOU do?"

Sweet maid looks wide upon the world  
And sighs for the conquest's admiration;  
For her the joys, but slow unfurled,  
Breaks forth in eager contemplation.  
She, too, descends from ancient blue,  
The Pilgrim Fathers, and Generals, too,—  
But soft. My child, the times are new.  
Not what They were,—What can YOU do?

Worship not the titles of long ago,  
Nor the dead in the far-gone past;  
Worship not the blood that used to glow,  
Nor the legends of domains vast;  
All that in song may softly play,  
Or tales and rhymes may beauty show,  
But in the strife of stern to-day  
'Tis not dead past.—What can YOU do?

So in this fray gird armor on,  
Nor fail to know the mandate stern  
That Life means Strife; when once begun  
We from our follies soon must turn,  
And with deep faith and highest vow  
Turn face to Heaven and Forward go;  
Forget the past and live in NOW;  
And show the World what YOU can do.

## SOAK HIM!

If you meet a cur today;  
Soak him!  
If a skunk gets in your way;  
Soak him!  
This is no time to stop and say,  
"If you please, just run away!"  
Poke the slanderer where'er you may.  
Soak him!

Nail the gossip's sneaking lie;  
Soak him!  
Kick his bunk into the sky;  
Soak him!  
You can beat him if you try  
For each calumny you decry  
Bangs the groucher in the eye.  
Soak him!

Boy's, you hear that tramp of men?  
They'll soak him.  
Two million strong will soon be ten  
To soak him.  
We're going to win, it will be fun  
This war for work is just begun  
You'll have a job when it is done.  
Soak him!



## FINE DAY

Half of the world needs a word of cheer,  
 They have eyes to see and ears to hear,  
 But their hearts are dead and full of pain,  
 Or their minds are seared, or their souls are slain,  
 But a word of joy may their sorrows allay.  
 Jist grasp their hands and full-voiced say—  
 “Fine day, old man, fine day!”

You see a cripple drag along the drive,  
 All twisted and doubled and half alive,  
 Jist a word of pep, a hearty hail  
 Will always hearten; 'twill never fail;  
 It will drive most any old trouble away,  
 Jist stick out your paw and smiling say,  
 “Fine day, old man, fine day!”

Perhaps the brokers have double-crossed  
 Your friend, he's down, his pile is lost.  
 Or the banks foreclosed on his bungalow,  
 And his heart and life are filled with woe.  
 If all is dark, you can set him aright  
 By a word of confidence; turn on the light,  
 Grab his old hand, and with firm clasp say,  
 “I believe in you, lad, fine day, fine day!”

## LITTLE DOGS YAP AT THE BIG DOG'S HEELS

The little dogs yap at the big dog's heels,  
Look at that, lad, and ponder;  
They snarl at the bones that the big dog steals;  
See how their eyes gape in wonder!  
The little dogs grumble when the big makes good,  
They howl and they sneer while the big saws wood,  
And they mine his trenches while the big sweats  
blood,  
For little dogs know their blunder.

The coyotes snarl at the grizzly's heel;  
A weasel's mind thinks weasel;  
The rats will filch from a lion's meal,  
For a measly skunk acts measel.  
No matter how big may the big bear be,  
The coyotes and skunks will have jealousy,  
And instead of climbing themselves, they try  
To make the big bear fozzle.

And so do we find it in human life,  
The do-noughts snap at the worker.  
The little warped mind sneers at the big mind's  
strife,  
And the doer is slandered by the shirker.  
The big man labors the full day through,  
Nor seeks he his rest but to self is true,  
He achieves, and does what God made him to do,  
But is maligned by the lurker.

So the little dogs yap at the big dog's heels,—  
A lesson, lad, and a warning;  
No matter how fine or how clean he feels,  
In small hearts rage is burning.  
There is always the sneer and the snarl for fame,  
And the muck and the slime to smear a fair name,  
For the little dog thinks that is part of the game,  
So the little dog snarls all morning.

But what if the little pups do snarl and snap,  
Will that stop a man from winning?  
Why, the BIG man makes good and he don't give a rap  
For the howls that the small fry are dinning.  
There are bigger things in his great broad path,  
And he has no time for spite and wrath;  
To him will be added much to what he hath,  
And his true work is but beginning.

## THE MAN WITH THE DISH-RAG HEART

Here's verses to the man with the dish-rag heart;  
 To the world he is great, to his friends he is smart;  
 But to the elect who know his true game,  
 He's a rotter and quitter and filled with shame.  
 He has climbed by stealth to a place of high rank,  
 He juggles the funds in a gold-plated bank,  
 But a sham is his honor, he's his smile but a part,  
 For he is that half man  
     With a dish-rag heart.

To his friends in success he has always a smile,  
 And you'd think that his heart was clean without guile;  
 But if the hook gouges in the back of a man,  
 'Tis a mark for the door—dirty water in the pan;  
 With a smirk he will size you to see if you prove  
 To have a big pull with the powers above,  
 But if storms of disaster e'er become your part  
 It's "Get out, sir," by the man  
     With the dish-rag heart.

How we loath such a man who has a veneer  
 Upon his good face but is filled with fear  
 That his august acquaintance will prove but a beggar,  
 And his closest of friends turn out but a pegger,  
 For his measure of man to kowtow and to salam  
 Is the sign of the dollar though bought by his shame,  
 And he smirks to the monied, but his frowns are an art.—  
 That's the style of the goof  
     With the dish-rag heart.

## BUCK UP!

Buck up there, man, and raise your head,  
 And look the world right in the eye;  
 What if your plans have all gone dead,  
 What if your friends have each one fled,  
 You still have brawn to earn your bread,  
 And there are other plans you can try;  
 So buck up!

Buck up there, man, and strike out strong,  
 Nor flinch at all if the wollop is hard;  
 You can start again, for the day is long,  
 No matter who may have done you wrong  
 You can meet it fair with a lilt of song;  
 You had no cinch on the world's regard;  
 So buck up!

Buck up there, man! There are better days  
 Than ever the sun has shone upon;  
 There are fairer flowers, and smoother ways,  
 Clearer skies and bluer bays,  
 And Life holds more in its mystic maze  
 Than was ever lost in the yester-gone;  
 So buck up!

The world takes off its hat to all  
 Who meet it bold, uncowed and true,  
 It spurns the cur who fears to fall,  
 And gleefully bumps the tottering wall;  
 But it vaunts the man who braves its call,  
 And that man, my friend, may well be you;  
 So buck up, old man, buck up!

## HIT HARD IF YOU HIT AT ALL

Hit hard if you hit at all.  
 If you don't you are working for a fall,  
 For the other fellow is going to do the same,  
 And pretty soon that man will have the name  
 That you have sought,—of being the best  
 Man in your line; and the rest  
 Of the world will laud him to the skies,  
 While for you there will be just nought but sighs,—  
 So

Hit hard if you hit at all.

Hit hard if you hit at all.  
 You may be short and your opponent tall,  
 But get a ladder if you reach his nose,  
 Or a pair of stilts, or step on his toes.  
 Don't whine and stand there half afraid,  
 No better man than you was ever made.  
 The other fellow is just as scared as you,  
 And wonders just what you will do;  
 So

Hit hard if you hit at all.

Hit hard if you hit at all.  
 But first be sure that hitting is your call.  
 Don't hit a man, if hitting may be wrong  
 For decent words have carried lots of good along.  
 You may be the one who may have erred,  
 While the other man can prove it with a word;  
 But if you are RIGHT, and KNOW you are right  
 Then hit FIRST in a big whopping fight,  
 And

Hit hard if you hit at all

Hit hard if you hit at all.

A puny bunt has never carried a three-bag ball;

A gentle love-pat never gets you anywhere

Except a cushioned seat in an invalid's chair.

No man with red blood in his pounding vein

Will sneak around the ring to welch again,

But force the gaff and step up like a man;

They will know you were there when the fight began.

So

Hit hard if you hit at all.



## I'LL NOT BE A SLACKER

The other day a wise man said  
 He'd rather be alive than dead, —  
 A living beast of the unploughed field  
 Than any dead prince with a mitered shield,  
 A living lecherous lustful fly,  
 Than a dead king Cyrus with glassy eye,  
 A living snake curled in the grass  
 Than a mouldering Czar with a casque of brass,  
 A living anything upon the earth,  
 Than a long-dead prophet in his land of birth.  
 The glow of his apostrophe  
 Was in the thought of "just to be,"  
 To feel the sun in its golden splendor,  
 To feel the breezes warm and tender,  
 To know that he on earth was one,  
 And that his life was just begun,—  
 No matter how low or high estate  
 He'd rather be that than intestate.

But to me "just living" means more than life,  
 It means a DOER in this world of strife,  
 A Doer a Be-er, a Thinker, A MAN,  
 A king of all beasts since the world began,  
 A Liver, a Fighter, and not just exist,  
 For a clod on the sod the best things has missed.  
 I'll not be a slacker and slink through time,  
 For I believe that my objective is much more sublime.  
 I believe that God put me here to do  
 The best that my brain and my brawn can put through;  
 The best that my heart and my soul can command;  
 The *best*, so that few in the strife can withstand.

Let that wise (?) man on his belly crawl  
 Let him slink in the grass or the rushes tall,  
 Let him blink at the sun on a warmed-up stone,  
 Or ooze deep in the slime, abhorrent, alone;  
 As for me, I would LIVE each fast-passing day,  
 So that the morrow will come more joyously;  
 I will smile and I'll sing, and work mighty hard  
 To be better and strike harder with my pen or my  
 sword,

I'll live cleaner, think purer, and help on my way,  
 Till God will summon me to him and will say:

“Well done, faithful servant, so enter thou in,  
 For thy moments were too busy to pander to sin,  
 Thy hours were spent in thy talent's just use,  
 And wastage had no portion, and sloth no abuse;  
 Thy hands are clean, tho hardened by toil,  
 But, thy Soul hath grown greatly in earth's wild turmoil,  
 Enter thou in, for death ends not all,  
 It is but the beginning,—await thou my call.”  
 And I know I would rather be a long time dead,  
 And still throb to the sobs of the poor o'er my head  
 Than be a living scorpion or object of scorn,  
 And slink sullenly, abhorrent, each morn unto morn.

## THE HEARTY HAND-SHAKE

Did you ever, in walking along the street,  
 Shake hands with a friend you chanced to meet,  
 And in shaking discover, with a weary sigh,  
     That the palm which you grasp  
     Had the insipid clasp  
 Of a weakling—so listless and dry?

Did you ever in seeming friendly array,  
 Bring a smile on your face into active play,  
 And with gusto becoming a hearty good fellow  
     Attempt to inspire then  
     Some kindred fire in—  
 To the hand which is weak and so shallow?

While out to a function and having a time,  
 Were you ever introduced to one "Oh, so prime,"  
 And in shaking her dainty flabby white paw,  
     Press it hard then drop it,  
     Like a rag or a puppet,  
 For so weak it would flipflap and saw?

If you've ever been subject to this class of being  
 Who insipidly shake, ne'er acknowledging or  
     seeing,

Who have no power in their dainty white hand  
 And wince when you shake it with a little sand,  
 Then you I address; to you I am speaking;  
 For I know that, like I, for revenge you are  
     seeking.

We'll put up a job—just lend me your ear;  
 (Press nearer my friend, so well you may hear)  
 If any such another comes e'er o'er your path,

And insipidly shaking arouses your wrath,  
Simply shake his rag palm till he's shook out of  
breath,  
And squeeze his insipidness until he chatters his  
teeth;  
Bow low, and in mockery obeisance then make,  
And teach him the language of  
A Hearty Hand-Shake.

## LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

In my ambling through this valley  
Of not unalloyed delight,  
I have very often wondered  
At the very funny sight  
Of some people who are ever  
On the watch to make a kick,  
And when they see a head out  
Have the itch to heave a brick.  
They're the folks who talk molasses,  
When they're not behind your back,  
But as soon as you're not looking  
They will steal your little stack.  
And when you have won the corn-cob  
They will cheer you around the town,  
But when once you get the hatchet  
They will kick you while you're down.  
For I know this type of blue jay  
Will soon meet his Waterloo,  
So don't ever trouble trouble,  
Till that trouble  
Troubles  
You.

Now, I know that in this hamlet  
There are many of this ilk,  
Who are all the time pretending  
They are fine as finest silk,  
But just once give them the token  
That they have a coming kick,  
And you'll see enough of trouble  
Then to fairly make you sick.  
Why, just open up the doorway

So's to let the knockers in,  
 And you'll very soon be floating  
 In the kicks up to your chin;  
 Oh, they'll flock around your office,  
 And they'll stack about your room,  
 Until you think the brightest sunshine  
 Was no more than midnight gloom.  
 Yes, they'll wrangle there and jangle,  
 And the air will grow dark blue.  
 So I say, don't trouble trouble,  
     Till that trouble  
     Troubles  
     You.

I have seen some mighty funny  
     Things that's kept me young and green.  
 I have watched the cunning capers  
     Of the three-shell pea or bean,  
 Yes,—I've had the laugh in thousands  
     At the freaks who daily pass,  
 And have sometimes stood in terror  
     Of the meter to my gas.  
 But I've never seen the day when  
     I'd invite the crowd to kick,  
 For I know most awful quickly  
     They would come almighty thick.  
 And it seems to me just crazy  
     For a man to heave a club  
 Right into a hanging hornet's nest,  
     To see the bunch of troubl'.  
 For most certainly he'll get it—  
     In a place that's private, too;  
 So, never trouble trouble,  
     Till that trouble  
     Troubles  
     You.

IN LIGHTER VEIN





# IN LIGHTER VEIN

## MY DAILY TASK

I sit at my desk and ponder,  
What shall I write to-day?  
I'd rather be way out yonder  
A-fishin' in Miami Bay;  
I'd rather be tramping the hillside  
Or pounding the pill o'er the lea;  
I'd rather take off my garments,  
And take a cool dip in the sea.

I know that I ought to be working,  
My pencil should be flying fast;  
But I feel just like a shirking,  
And I'd skip if I'd ever dast;  
But the editor up there is waiting  
For my daily effort in rhyme,  
So there is no use in debating,  
It's got to be done on time.

But what to write I just can't guess  
Because I'm not right in the mood,  
And what I'd write I must confess  
Would to-day be not of much good.  
So here I sit with my waiting pad,  
And chew the stub of my slothful pen,  
I can't be gay, and I can't be sad,  
So I guess I'll go out and talk with men.

I'll go and ask the boys on the links  
What they think of the climate, the birds,  
the sky,  
And I'll whack at the ball and settle this jinx,  
And then come back for another try.

I'll take a dip in the pounding surf,  
And a race on the sands of the sloping shore,  
I'll watch the games on the smooth-rolled  
turf  
And return to scribble some more.

## A "FURRIN" TRIP

Nonsense rhymes of a European trip in 1911

It's lots of fun to make a run,  
And fills you full of laughter,  
For you're a honey if you've got money,  
And you're the bloke they're after.  
So one fair day we hied away  
And snuck off to the landing,  
And blamed if there, near my steam chair,  
There wasn't a toady standing.  
So round about we tried to get out,  
But the boat began its meanness;  
'Twas lucky, too, that foreign crew  
Left even a sou between us.  
A storm came on and almost gone  
We fed the hungry fishes;  
Oh what a head! We laid in bed  
And wouldn't look at dishes.  
But pretty soon the lovely moon  
Shone down upon the breakers,  
And off to shore, to sail no more,  
But wander on God's acres.  
From Rome to Nice, and wet Venice  
We tumbled in the water,  
The gondolier let out a cheer  
And asked us, what's the matter.  
So to the north to hills of worth  
The Alps and to Geneva;  
My, what a game with some sweet dame!  
I hated much to leave her.

Through Skagarack and Cattegat  
From North Sea to the Baltic,  
Up Finland Gulf down Adriat,

And jerk away to Leipzig,  
 And when the thick-skulled German guard  
 Insists on seeing your passport  
 You slip a cog and take a jog  
 And pike right off to Stuttgart.  
 It is no sin to view Berlin  
 Until the Kaiser passes,  
 Then take a jerk, for he's a "turk"  
 And slide off to Manasses.  
 Down into Spain we flew again  
 And jollied Don Quixote,  
 But he got mad, and so begad,  
 We left his table d'hote.  
 We took a snoop at Monsieur Bupe,  
 Who bellowed out his orders.  
 His beef was rare, he tore his hair,  
 And we slid o'er the borders,  
 You'd think it strange to know the change  
 It took most every day, there,  
 To pay the tips to all those dips  
 Who stood behind your rest chair;  
 They'd rob you blind much like their kind,  
 In most delightful manner,  
 And if you kick, it's done so slick  
 As the skin of a bananner.

Off then to see the Zuyder Zee  
 Where they make red ball cheeses,  
 And straight across the Ring-a-loss,  
 And feel the northern breezes.  
 To Edam then and to Marken,  
 The quaintest place in Holland,  
 And so by night to that dam site  
 Just over in the lowland.  
 To Vollandam and Ellendam—  
 Let other dams befall them;  
 It sounds like swearing, but I'm declaring  
 It's just what people call them.  
 To Brussels Sprout to eat some trout

And drink a glass of liquor  
With Leopold there, then with a glare  
The customs flunks will dicker.  
Ha, to Paree where we may see  
The Moulin Rouge at midnight,  
And climb Montmartre which like a star  
Will razzle-dazzle you, quite.  
Then down the Seine you float again  
Off to the Latin Quarter,  
The models view, quite naughty too,  
Till you're caught by the Porter,  
A sadder man but wiser than  
You were when you had entered;  
But you have seen the red and green  
Where many steps have ventured.  
In merry France we'll lead the dance  
And stop off at old Rouen,  
But don't you go to red Bordeaux  
If you know what you are doin'.  
Your pants Toulouse? Well then, you  
goose,  
Just run on to Calais  
And when you come back just leave your  
stack  
Before you get away.

Now to the fogs and through the bogs  
Of England we have wandered,  
And stubbed our toes and bumped our nose  
Where George Third once had blundered;  
And like a dream we had to scheme  
To get into Westminster,  
To Buckingham we took a slam  
And saw some silly spinster,  
Won't tell her name, but you can't blame  
Us for not seeing the Tower,  
For when we went to see a gent,  
We were caught in an awful shower.  
And when we dried, you would have died

To see our draggled trousers,  
So to the Hotel we rode like—well  
We didn't like such sousers.  
The Thames was bright in the sunlight  
As we rode on down to Greenwich,  
But we couldn't find the man behind,  
Who ate that cold bean porridge.  
To Stratford thus we took the 'bus—  
To see the home of Shakespeare,  
But when we got there, I must declare,  
They gave us ale for brown beer.  
So we gave up and dropped the cup  
And off on our journeys—  
Soon landed quite about midnight  
Right underneath Old Furness.  
Now take the boat, they've got my goat,  
And hike right off to Queenstown,  
Well I declare, see my grey hair!  
I leave this place at sundown.  
So to the west, the land of rest  
And peace and sweet contentment,  
We'll soon return with brown sunburn  
And lost is all resentment.  
Ah, native land, you beat the band  
Much better than the foreigner.  
If I go 'way again to stay,  
Just you call in the coroner.  
When we get home, no more we'll roam,  
Because our "mon" is gone, Sir;  
And now we'll fight from morn till night  
And then on till dawn, sir,  
To get the cash to buy our hash  
And live a humble life, sir,  
With meat and bread, and no swelled head,  
And a quiet little wife, sir.  
For we have learned that we'll get burned  
If we do "furrin meathing,"  
Where it will take all dough we rake  
To pay for simple breathing.



## WHEN DAISY COW WENT DRY

The breakfast food tastes awful flat,  
With the cream I have to use,  
And mud is easier to digest,  
Than the coffee with that ooze  
Which dainty Isabelle brings in,  
And with apologetic sigh  
Sets softly near my steaming cup,—  
Since gentle Daisy cow went dry.

The children's meals stand lone and cold;  
Untouched their bread and scorned their  
    food,  
While tears will glisten in their eye,  
And mother croons in gentler mood;  
The watery milk the milkman brought  
Would hardly feed a starving fly,  
And so we dawdle at the meal,  
Since gentle Daisy cow went dry.

One never knows how much he loves  
The common things of every day  
Until he has to do without,—  
And someone has to say him nay.  
He takes the nectar with his food,  
Ambrosia with his meal supply;  
But we never miss the milk in life,  
Until the Daisy cow goes dry.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE

Oh, I wanta' be a farmer  
 And lead a simple life,  
 A life o' just plain living,  
 Far off from crime an strife.  
 Oh, I wanta' creep to nature,  
 And lay my tired ear  
 Down close to the soft, damp furrow,  
 The throbs o' the earth to hear.

Oh, I wanta' be a farmer—  
 Not one o' the scheming kind  
 Who drives a sharp hard hoss-trade,  
 And has an ax to grind;  
 But the lazy kind o' farmer  
 Who was not born—but grew;  
 Who just'll work when nature  
 Demands a meal or two.

Oh, I wanta' be a farmer,  
 Way out in the hush of the gray,  
 Where the stars at night are sleepy eyes,  
 An' the world is a million miles away;  
 An' there in the languid green o' the grass,  
 And the scent o' the sweet an' dew-kissed  
 rose,  
 I wanta' do nothing but dream an' dream,—  
 Just nothing but doze—an' doze—an' doze.

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Oh, I wanta' be a banker  
And lead a strenuous life,  
A life that's real exciting,  
That fairly reeks with strife;  
I wanta' chase the grizzlies  
Adown the howling lane  
That's paved, they say, with golden bricks,  
An' diamonds strewn between.

Oh, I wanta' be a banker,  
For I can skin a bull,  
An' act just like a broker,—  
They say he clips the wool.  
I wanta' own a railroad  
And break a Trust or two,—  
For that is what a banker  
Is always 'sposed to do.

Oh, I wanta' be a banker  
An' run this universe,  
An' have my little finger  
In everybody's purse;  
I wanta' wear the diamonds,  
When everyone else is broke,  
And sit in my rolled gold office—  
'N just smoke,—an' smoke—an' smoke.

## WEEDS

Would I like to plant a flower  
 Twined about a woodsy bower?  
 Fanned by breezes from the west,  
 Cozzied like an oriole's nest?  
 Ah, yes I would, of course I would,  
 I love fair nature in lazy mood,  
 The waving trees with graceful branches  
 Reflected in pools where sweet grass  
     dances,  
 Humming bees that drone their prayers  
 For more nectar than in truth is theirs;  
 Bluebirds a flashing on the wing,  
 And yellow breasted goldfinch sing.  
 Yes, oh yes, I want to grow  
 A garden full of goldenglow,  
 Gladiolus, roses and sweet pea,  
 And pansy faces that smile at me;

But *oh, my back!* just think, the work  
 To keep it clean and must not shirk,  
 The spade, the hoe and fulltined rake,  
 And ne'er a moment's pleasure take  
 Until the sun hath gone to rest  
 Adown the hills in the glowing west.  
 And the weeds! How they grow!  
 Tho you club them with a hoe,  
 Pull them out with might and main  
 And pish, they come right up again.  
 Sure, they are a true back-breaker,—  
 Think I'll call an undertaker.

Every farmer has his garden,  
Like state's prison, needs a warden,  
Work from early gray of dawn  
Till last streak of light is gone;  
Then gets ready for the morrow,  
Such ducks have no time for sorrow.  
Yes, I'd like to plant a flower,  
But guess I'll wait and "get the power."

## SECRETS

She had a secret she would tell,  
 A secret for her dearest friend,  
 And in her breast her heart would swell  
 And swell and swell until the trend  
 Of her whole work by day, by night,  
 Would halt and pause, and in its flight  
 Time did drag and heavy hang,  
 Until her heart's blood tingling rang  
 In ears and voice and flushed her throat  
 And pulsed her breast, and flashed her eye,  
 And one most marvelled at the thought  
 That one small crypt could bring such joy.  
 For

She had a secret she fain must tell—  
 And a secret told must be told well.

She had a secret, and all day long  
 Her heart had burst her lips in song;  
 Her head had swum above the cloud,  
 And she dared not breathe one word aloud,  
 For she had a secret,—mark it well;  
 For often secrets are forged in hell.  
 She had a secret, with changing mien  
 She wondered if her thoughts were seen,  
 And she furtive gazed in dread about  
 To see if her secret had 'hap leaked out;  
 But no. The world was slow, and she  
 Was busy at her work; and we  
 Who stayed about the self-conscious maid  
 Had never guessed she was afraid;  
 For  
 She had a secret, had the minx,  
 That would have flushed the brow of Sphinx.

She had a secret, and bare could wait  
Until the gong had clanged eight,  
When her dear friend across the way  
Would return from work and run in to play  
And gossip, and tell the choicest bits  
Of news of George, and who gave fits  
To whom adown in the peaceful shop  
Where the girls were models, with hats atop  
Their coiffs, that petted wives would wear  
On ravished wigs or frizzled hair.

And when she came, ah, how she blushed,  
And how the blood to her cheeks rushed,  
And how she gasped with a gladdened cry,  
And how the sparkles flashed into her eye!  
For she had a secret—for bad or good—  
But I won't tell it—I never would—  
For she had a secret,—it is her own;  
So the secret secret shall not be blown  
To the winds.

SHE had a secret.



## ELAINE, I WOULD LIKE TO BITE THEE

OR PERHAPS

## (THE VAMP DREAM GIRL)

A travesty on the drivel published in some of our highbrow  
magazines

Elaine, I would like to bite thee,  
Bite thee, Elaine, and see the look of surprise  
Spring from out of the air into thine eyes.  
For I know thou carest nought for me,  
But prefer to live a life, unchained and free,  
But still Elaine, I fain would bite thee,  
If that would only affright thee,  
And for that, the King of the Imps would Knight me.  
For ah! the very devil is in thy eyes, Elaine.  
The imp-spirit-urge in thy heart, Elaine;  
So there, Elaine, I would like to bite thee.

Elaine, I would like to bite thee;  
Bite thy red lips when I draw the honey dew  
From thy lost soul that I would woo;  
Thy red lips that mocked and teased and scorned  
me,  
When I fain sought to press and caress thee.  
Altho such thoughts harass me,  
Yet, Elaine, I would like to bite thee,  
Bite thee until it would near delight me,  
To see thy eyes open wide just once,  
And know that thy barriers are down,  
Thy ever-ready arrow of scorn has flown,  
Thy demure bewitching reserve has blown,—  
Ah, Elaine, I would like to bite thee!

Elaine, I would like to bite thee  
 Upon thy velvety cheek where the flush  
 Of demure modesty might steal, or blush  
 Of innocence return to rape the hush  
 Of the beating of thy heart. Oh, Elaine,  
 I would truly like to bite thee  
 Upon thy soft neck, where pulses the fairy blood  
 Which I would drink from out thy cup  
 Of centuried love. For thou art mine,  
 Altho, alas, I can never be all thine.  
 I thrill to touch thy amorous breasts,  
 Thy mound-tipped breasts with promise o'erfull  
 Of heart's delight, of mother-nectar for thy child.  
 And blush, my dear, I true would have wild  
 Visioned passion compass thee within our nest,  
 That no moment shall of Time be dull,  
 And have thee all alone, alone forever,  
 Until e'en ages forgets 'tis never.  
 Ah, Elaine, I would like to bite thee!

Elaine, I would like to bite thee.  
 That brow! those eyes! those lips, and neck  
 Those arms whitened and soft, and ankle slender,  
 Shoulders drooped, and breasts so tender  
 That all the desires of a century would wreck  
 Itself could men obtain one glance.  
 Forgotten would be sense, the heart would dance,—  
 And still I fain would like to bite thee,  
 Just to see, ah, to see most joyfully  
 Whether in all this iris eyeful  
 I have had of thee, thru day, thru night,  
 Yes, whether thou art real, art truly flesh  
 That by some charm might vanish from my sight.  
 With all thy art thy "come hither" look  
 And "stay there" decree, enticing eyes that mock,  
 But stern reserve when almost thawed,—  
 And ways that make me think of my mother's  
 God;  
 I still would try to test thee to find,

Altho the heart of mortal man be blind,  
To find if any mite of human flesh  
Or bone or earthly substance would within you  
mesh,—

Could lie hidden within that soft pearly casket  
Of thy skin, whether within that basket  
Of precious stones one spark is true,—  
Whether thou art Human, old or new,  
Human, Superhuman, Divine,  
Or just Plain Devil!  
Elaine, I would like to bite thee.

## A SPRING TOAST

(A sadly-rhymed bit of nonsense written to interest my  
little folks)

Far down in the southern peninsula  
Where brightly shines the sun,  
Where orange trees bloom continually,  
And trickling rivulets run;

Where the perfume of the magnolia  
Mingles fragrance in the air,  
And the warbles of the orioles  
Show Nature free from care;

Where flowers bud and blossom  
All seasons of the year,  
Where love is ever rampant,  
And Nature knows no tear;

Far down, where beauty aboundeth,  
And foliage thick and green  
Complete a perfect picture  
Of softened Raphael sheen;

Where harmony of happy friendship  
Mingle in thoughts of love,  
And symphony of forest-warblers  
In inspiring rhythm move;

Where ambrosial cups of happiness  
Are ever to the lips,  
And Cupid touches gently  
All hearts with arrow tips;

There, there is Life's Elysium,  
 There is the haven of joy;  
 There, there resided a fairy,  
 And also a bashful boy.

Full many a time had they wandered  
 'Neath skies of azure hue,  
 With twinkling stars above them,—  
 Had sworn there to be true.

Full oftimes idly dreaming  
 In paths secluded, still,  
 This lad and fairy strolled  
 Discussing her father's will.

Of ambition had he a plenty,  
 Imbued with passion's fire,  
 But as for asking her papa,  
 He couldn't face his ire.

For the old man thought him youthful,  
 ('Tween you and me, he was right)  
 And he thought his one little daughter  
 A midget fairy, quite.

"H'm, h'm," said he when he saw her  
 In maidenly dress of white;  
 A mere little witch in pinafores,  
 "No wedding yet, My Light."

But Cupid laughed at his blindness,  
 And the lovers, still they loved;  
 The birds looked on in gladness,  
 And Moon and Stars approved.

The magnolias shook out their fragrance,  
 Incense hung in the air;  
 All combined to bless the union,  
 Save papa's indifferent stare.

One day, it was in springtime  
When all was bright and clear,  
And papa sipped his julep  
In the arbored rustic chair,

Feeling as gay as a kitten,  
As young as in his teens,  
And chuckled at the sunshine  
Which filtered through the vines.

The lad stood stammering and stuttering,  
With hat in hand stood spluttering,  
Yet never a word was uttering  
Before the astonished dad,  
Who a moment previous had  
Forgotten the beautiful spring,  
All thoughts of anything,  
And simply, o'ercome by the heat,  
Fell back in his rustic seat,  
Snoring a healthy snore  
As though to wake no more.

The young lover with heart in his throat  
Surprisedly gazed on the sleeper,  
And stumbling attempted to awaken  
The serenader from his stupor.

But do what he would, though hem and cough,  
The noise which he made was not loud enough  
To drown out the noise, which like a volcano  
From out of that sleeper's proboscis did flow.  
He'd stamp and then cough in poetical meter,  
But with bugle-like snore "Pa" went him one better;  
Till growing quite desperate, about to depart,  
When with a dull groan "Pa" woke with a start.

A little insect, harmless enough,  
Not knowing what was to come,

Saw a large cavern in the place it alit,  
 And inquisitively entered the room.  
 Like the mythical wife of the mythical giant  
 The inquisitive bug had not time to repent.  
 A peculiar influx of fast moving air  
 Caught the intruder and carried him far  
 Down into the cavern and lodged him there,  
 Where, as Fate would have it  
     Did strangle and choke  
 And making him cough,  
     The sleeper awoke.

While the lad stood stammering and stutter-  
     ing,  
 With hat in hand stood spluttering,  
 Quite frightened, not a word uttering  
 Before the astonished dad,  
 Who awaking, yet dreaming, was mad.  
 "Well?" thundered the loving papa,  
 "Why are you here? I vow  
 You've been standing and staring  
 Like a sunfish or herring  
 In that detestable bearing  
 For an hour in the sun. Come now,  
 Speak out." And his voice softening,  
 By seeing his julep a glistening  
 In the warm sun's slanting ray—  
 "Come, drink a sweet bumper, my boy."

Low stooping and bowing the lad does accept,  
 But mumbling a protest he looks at the vet;  
 For fearful at displeasing, yet longing to say  
 His mission of missions and then get away.

The dear old codger pours out a full glass,  
 And holding aloft as though to say mass  
 Allowing the sun to strike through the cheer  
 And cast red reflections on everything near.



He smiled a broad smile and frowned a big frown,  
Forgot his companion and—gulped it down.  
Then quickly remembering the duties of host,  
Filled another and presenting proposed a toast.

“The ladies, the ladies,—to all the dear girls  
Who keep us a guessing, yet rarer than pearls,  
As essential to man as his julep and pipe,  
Our loving and loved ones,—the ladies, by Cripe!”

With a low laugh and gurgle, the julep they quaffed  
And thus together, the lad here vouchsafed  
To broach the delicate matter:  
For—happy inspiration,—  
The toast, (the epicure’s creation)  
Opened the way to what he would say  
About his fairy-like daughter.

Full eloquent he waxed, describing a maid  
With wondrous eyes, of whom it was said  
That she was an angel, fairy in disguise,  
Madonna or goddess, or otherwise.  
Her long, flowing hair did purity impart,  
Had wound its gold self around his young heart.

He ranted and raved, most poetically describing  
A mythical being who nearby was hiding.  
The old gent for a moment stopped sipping his wine,  
For the novice’s actions he could not divine.

In amazement he listened and wondering  
What a peculiar inspiration this description could be,  
Then stopping the lad, to the lad said he,  
“What in Cræsus is the name of the thing?”

The birds looking on, chirped a response;  
The new-budding flowers they nodded their head;  
A bunch of gold curls rushed up with a laugh,—  
“Why, Fan is the name, and she I would wed.”



“Fan? Fan? My Fan? Why man you are mad!  
 Little Fan? This Fan?—She belongs to her Dad!  
 Now there little tootsy, you silly little goose,  
 She loves me too much, sir, too much, sir,—let loose.”

This to the young man who with brass for nerve,  
 Had encircled the waist of the golden-haired dove,  
 And whispering love, stood facing the wrath  
 Of a southern man's will, who stood in his path.

“Why, papa,” she pleaded,  
 “You know I love you,  
 But papa, oh, papa,  
 I love Alfred too.  
 And, papa, why papa,  
 As Mother you did love,  
 By loving my Alfred  
 My girlhood I prove.  
 So do, papa—please, papa,  
 Do give your consent,  
 And bless us dear father,  
 Now there is a saint.”

Low warbled the throat of the singing brown thrush;  
 The hum of the bees was heard in the hush;  
 Perfume sweet was waft on the breeze,  
 And lonely sighs rustle through the green trees.  
 The sky overhead of deepness so blue  
 Bespoke from its depths of lovers here true.

For who can resist the graces and art  
 Of a pleading so subtle which comes from the heart,  
 Who turn a deaf ear to the will of true love,  
 When blood of your heart thus eloquent doth  
 prove?

Who ruthless deny the hope and the will  
 Of a loved little sylph, who loving you still,  
 Obeys the direction of Nature and God,  
 And loving another, that other would wed?

The common lot—the right and power  
 We cannot resist—it is our dower.  
 Cupid, a cruel little tyrant he is;  
 Heaven pity the skeptics who ever refuse  
 To obey their soul's longings, 'thout friendship or love  
 Disgruntled exist, and then sink to the grave.

The old gentleman trembled and then heaving a sigh  
 Turned to the bumper, for he felt quite dry,  
 And hastily brushing a renegade tear,  
 Forced a sad smile on his face to appear;  
 And putting a jovial air over his pain,  
 Poured out three glasses and toasted again.

“Good gracious, great thunder!  
 Why hang it all, man,  
 Why didn't you say so,—  
 You can have little Fan.  
 My blessing, God bless you,  
 Why take her, my lad,  
 And may she love you  
 As she does her old Dad.  
 Why bless you,—ha, ha,—  
 That is a good one.  
 H'm—Take her and—get out,—  
 You rascals, be gone!  
 Away for the present—  
 That is a good joke—  
 I'll—get—used to it in time, lad,—”  
 —But here his voice broke.

## DEATH

## A FANTASY

Death leaned against the low-browed precipice  
 O'er-looking the haunts of men,  
 Reflecting on ages of gain,  
 And heaved a weary sigh.  
 Long since his horns were blunt and worn,  
 Withered his tail, with edges torn,  
 And low drooping tusks. He looked forlorn.  
 A tear lurked in his eye.

“Why kill these poor mortals all off like this?  
 (They're becoming too good for my blood;  
 They've settled too much on one God.)  
 Why compel the poor devils to die?  
 For each one that I kill or poke in the ground  
 I find another is nigh.  
 Each one I entice to commit some rank crime,  
 And committing it soon seek death  
 (Seek myself, for I and Old Nick are one)  
 Another poor sinner takes breath.

“More receiving birth than I can kill;  
 More going to Heaven than down to Hell;  
 Still more are living than death they take,—  
 Though poisoned ambrosia and nectar I make  
 To instil in their mind, and sin awake.  
 What am I to do if continue it will?  
 More births than deaths—and a hole in Hell!  
 Over-worked now, though ceaseless am I,  
 I cannot compel all Creation to die.”

And he leaned against the low-browed precipice,  
O'er looking the haunts of men,  
Reflecting on ages of gain,  
And heaved a weary sigh.

SEABREEZE BEACH IN THE MOON-  
LIGHT

(A Dip into Verse Libre—Almost Drowned)

## THE NIGHT

The night is somber, sciagraphic, tenebrious,—  
 But not silent.  
 The sullen roar of the breakers  
 Rolling ceaselessly,  
 Hissingly, slitheringly,  
 Beating forward, sweeping backward,  
 Like a threatening, awful, yet fascinating  
 Danger in a drowsing dream,  
 Caught now like a phantom sunbeam on a fairie mirror,  
 Lost anon,—a mystic vision of restrained power,—  
 A challenge of danger hidden in the coral recesses,—  
 Curling enticingly, playfully as a kitten,  
 Fawning at my feet, witching, seductive, undulating,  
 vampirish,—  
 Ah, that is night upon the beach at Seabreeze!

## THE URGE

But my heart is filled with fear—  
 A horrid dread melts my vitals;  
 For the mighty wastes of the distance  
 Call to me,  
 Call out of eons of Time,  
 Call out of the pleocene past,  
 Call, call, enchantingly, hypnotisingly:  
 “Come into my depths,  
 Come deep, deep into my subterranean passages,  
 Where all is calm, and silent, and wonderfully green,—

Eternally, softly, cool and green,—  
 And I will give you rest, oblivion, Nirvana.”  
 Ah, I *fear!*  
 My heart is filled with the dread of the great unknown;  
 I am as on the top of a high building  
 With vast space beneath,  
 And would fain throw myself over the ramparts.  
 I am as one on the uttermost point of the Alps  
 With the attraction of nothingness below,  
 And feel the pull of that awful vastness.  
 Vacuophobia clutches my heart;  
 And my soul—ah, my soul  
 Recognizes the call—the call of TIME,  
 The call of the distance,—  
 The call of mysterious wraiths of disembodied sea-  
 nymphs.  
 For in that deep,  
 That restless bosom of millions of ages past,  
*Rest the forefathers of man.*

## THE FEAR

The Terror is upon me!  
 There is no knowing what horrible forms  
 Lurk beneath yon heaving waters;  
 Ghost sprays of an eon still pulse and throb  
 Before my salt-dewed eyes.  
 Shapes, forms,—hideous, terrible, frightful,—  
 Such as the soul-window of the human  
 Never has rested upon,—  
 Shapes uncouth, unreal, gigantic,  
 Major-masses with transcendent bulk,  
 Immense, monstrous, repellant  
 Grotesques of aborted nature,  
 Salurian gargoyles,  
 Dinosaurii, ichthyopterygii—  
 All the bizarre nightmarish shapes  
 That the frightful tales of my far-gone youth  
 Could conjure up

(Tales which are the foundation of cowardice in the child)

These, all these, may be furtively lurking  
 Ambushed ready to spring, out there.  
 I can see them—beyond yon white-crested wave,  
 Ready to thrust out their intumescent tentacles,  
 Their slimy, sinuous formations,  
 And draw me down, deep down,  
 Into the vastness of the  
 Bottomless Ooze!

#### THE MONSTER

And so I fear!  
 Here in the night  
 My knees shake,  
 My heart slows its beat,  
 My bowels have turned to water,  
 For the eyes of Reptilian Awfulness  
 With the threat of dire catastrophe  
 Are upon me!  
 They spring out of the distant misty gloom.  
 I swoon in my soul;  
 I stand as one in a camerated maze;  
 A raucous roar of approaching doom  
 Shrieks out on the sullen air,  
 A throb of mighty footsteps rends the portentous silence.  
 The gory eyes grow larger!  
 Chaos is upon me!  
 Vivid reflections of the ferocious glare,  
 Beaten angling, criss-crossed from the coquina,  
 Driven slanted and blinding from the white sands,  
 Daze my affrighted eyes!  
 The hulking monster draws nearer!  
 All the tempestuous avalanches,  
 The protean upheavals of wild nature,  
 Combine in one titanic moment!  
 I gasp!  
 I choke!—  
*A roaring monster is upon me!*



—But I stand unharmed! . . .  
 I gasp. I shudder  
 I moan in despair  
 I fain would fall on the sands  
 And plead for life—  
 But all is vain  
 A whirlwind of sound,  
 A turbulent turmoil of terribleness,  
 Rushes past.  
 A stench of death poisons me  
 I choke as a dying man—  
 For the black Gargantua,  
 The Brobdingnagian leviathan  
 Has passed!  
 Leaving only its stench of decay,  
 Of myriad forms destroyed,  
 To pollute the ruffled air of night.

## THE MOONLIGHT

I look up to the sky,  
 Diana gazes down in silvery smiles;  
 White rays of peace bathe my ashen face;  
 The ever-changing surf,  
 Having given up its prehistoric monster,  
 Has calmly subsided into a senile hiss,—  
 Kissing the spot it once has lashed.  
 Flecks of stardust dance upon the shimmering ripples,—  
 A handful of silver shillings  
 Flung broadcast into the limpid waters  
 Of the Naples'-blue bay,  
 Fish-scales filtering thru open fingers  
 Into a pail of molten pearl,  
 With the flashing sparkle of fireflies  
 To catch up and petrify the glancing light.  
 Again the sinuous, faithless, slithering foam  
 Licks at my feet.  
 It promises the impossible,  
 Suggests the unknown.

176 STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

But now I am not afraid!  
Oblivion hath no witchery for me!  
Enchantment has been abated,  
For I am I!  
And I LIVE!  
Forever I LIVE!  
And the NOW calls to me!—

**LYRICS OF LOVE**



# LYRICS OF LOVE

## LINES TO LOVE

The world is large, and hidden doth contain  
Enough of gold, and shining wealth of earth,  
Of rubies rare and stones of untold worth,  
Of shimmering pearls on the sunbeats Main,  
To make high kingly courtiers disdain  
The lower elements of plebian birth;  
And counteth not the root of senseless mirth  
That clowns and mocking, struggling actors fain  
Would show. But one small gem of god-like  
power  
And subtle worth above yon maudlin dross,  
A priceless legacy or queenly dower,  
A princely coronet, a perfumed flower  
That blossoms fresh from lowborn earthly moss  
And scents the path of faith for ceaseless hour,  
Is Love—the single gem of priceless worth  
That makes the Man, and rules the struggling  
Earth.

## TO MY WONDER-GIRL

Oh wonder-girl—sweet wonder-girl,  
 Oh girl-wife of my dreams—  
 I held thee once within these arms  
 And since then all life seems  
 A golden mist of super-life,  
 And mellowed fancy teems  
 With superthoughts and superhopes  
 And superwork and plans;  
 For know, oh spirit-wonder girl,  
 Tho hidden, lost and gone  
 Beyond the dim and distant clouds,—  
 Thy presence still lives on.  
 Thy lips still cling to my eager lips,  
 My eyes still catch the glance  
 Of the thrill and joy in thy melting eye;  
 My arms hold thee alone.  
 And I must live with but these dreams—  
 My visioned hopes in vain?  
 Can nought bring back to me the sprite—  
 My wonder-girl—again?  
 Ah, must these aching arms be void  
 Of the pressure, fragrant, soft,  
 Of the form divine, which once was mine  
 And which has weirdly drawn aloft?  
 Ah, must I wander on in vain  
 Adown the corridors of time,  
 And with aching heart and eyes that smart  
 With unshed tears but seek and start,—  
 Ah, seek, and watch, and search, and pray,  
 Until the sad and endless day  
 Gives out unto the eternal night  
 Sans wonder-girl, sans hope, sans light?

Oh, wonder-girl, oh, wonder-girl!  
I dread the endless pain and sorrow.  
I dread, sans thee, my dim to-morrow;  
Canst not return, oh girl of yore  
To make me love thee deep once more?



## GONE SO SOON

Gone so soon, my dear?  
 And my heart is sad and drear;  
 The very heavens weep and sob  
 For thou art no more near.

Gone so soon, my dear?  
 The very sky has lost its charm,  
 I care not what may come to me  
 Of evil or of gross alarm,  
 For no more do I softly feel  
 Around my neck thy tender arm.

Gone so soon, my dear?  
 And empty seems the lagging world;  
 I would again that thou wert near,  
 For in my heart thy spirit is curled;  
 And for the span of one sweet moon  
 Thou gav'st me thee,—and gone so soon?

Oh love, dear love, canst thou forget  
 That roses with the dew are wet?  
 That silver moonbeams melt in the mist?  
 That thy soft lips by mine were kiss't?

And in my arms, of Love we sipped  
 With throbbing breast and honey lipped?  
 Ah. 'Tis like a dream—that thou are gone,—  
 An evil dream,—and gone so soon?

## A PLEA

Sweet;

If thou dost still deny me this,  
If thou refusest me one kiss,  
(I know that one thou would'st not miss)  
I will repine.

If thou but cast on me one glance  
In angry light; or if perchance  
Thy mood forbid my love's advance,  
I must repine.

If cold thou lookest on my suit;  
If dormant lies thy heartstring's lute;  
Nor echoing soft my love-toned flute,  
I will repine.

If brighter days of sun's gold light  
Make not my melancholy bright;  
Nor happier token from thy sight,  
I will repine.

But if one ray of gold-tipped noon  
To me from out thy Twin Stars shone,  
'Twould make my life a glorious June—  
The sun would shine.

## TO THE GIRL WITH THE OLIVE-TINTED EYES

O, you ravishing little sweetheart,  
With eyes of olive blue,  
You tantalizing little witch,  
What shall I do with you?  
Eyes not brown, and yet not gold,  
With blue-sky tints and pale mauve glints,  
Deep down and deeper in the depths,  
Like a summer's pool with willow shade  
Soft-kissed by the scented breath  
Of the wafted breeze made by the wings  
Of a million butterflies fluttering high,  
Now low on the earth, now high in the sky,  
That makes me dream of love and things  
Not in the lexicon the old grouch made.  
    Ah, girl of my heart and girl of my arms,  
    Why do you intrigue me by your lithe charms,  
    Don't you know well, my darling elf,  
    That there are no others—just you and  
    myself?

## ALACK A DAY!

Alack a day! Although the skies were bright  
And Phyllis' smile illumed the air around  
With joyous flush, her eyes were filled with light  
Much like Cerulean heavens brought to ground;  
Yet must I hush my jocund jollity,  
For Phyllis says her heart is far away.  
Alack a day! Alack a day!

Alack a day! I vainly try to still  
The throbbing of my heart, which obstinate  
At vain control o'erleaps my struggling will  
And jumps, like prisoned sprites, into my throat,  
As quite forlorn I hear her sportive threat.  
In truth, think you that man could e'er forget?  
Alack a day! Alack a day!

Alack a day! I almost thought that time  
Had paused and sat upon the brink of heaven,  
Awaiting but to hear the note sublime  
Course from the lips of Phyllis, and, once given,  
Plunge on down into everlasting bliss.  
But 't could not happen—I snatched the dimpled  
kiss.  
Alack a day! That blessed day!

## .GEORGIA

Yes, Georgia was a pretty girl,  
 Was Georgia, was Georgia,  
 With flossy hair and yellow curl.  
 Was Georgia, was Georgia.  
 But, ah, the upstart was a flirt,  
 And treated lads as mean as dirt;  
 She never thought just how it hurt,  
 Not Georgia, sweet Georgia.

She had a father mean as sin,  
 Did Georgia, our Georgia.  
 Where others left off, he would begin,  
 Poor Georgia, sweet Georgia.  
 Too bad to keep him out of jail,  
 Too crooked even to give him bail,  
 They sent him up for robbing mail.  
 Poor Georgia, sweet Georgia!

And the mother that the sweet girl had—  
 Gee! Georgia; Wow! Georgia—  
 Was almost crooked as her dad.  
 Poor Georgia, sad Georgia.  
 She looked as vile as a sea-side swamp,  
 And dressed as slack as a female tramp,  
 Her hair was trowsled, but hush, you scamp,  
 She was the mother of Georgia.

But spite of all the kid made good,  
 Did Georgia, our Georgia.  
 Her milk-white skin held some pure blood,  
 Did Georgia, sweet Georgia.  
 She looked demure with her big blue eyes,

And caught your heart with her soft quaint sighs,  
But her head was good and ways were wise—  
Was Georgia, fair Georgia.

And how am I to end this tale?

Ask Georgia, fair Georgia.

She's just outside with my dinner-pail,

Dear Georgia, sweet Georgia.

What care I what her dad may do,

Or whether her mother does take a chew,

I married the girl, not the whole cabeau,—

Just Georgia, my Georgia.

## BUT ONE

I ask no great or ponderous might,  
 No gold or precious stone,  
 I would not fain have wealth or gain,  
 My plea, but one alone,—  
 But one, Arianna, but one.

I am not worth to think of thee,  
 Not great, nor noble form;  
 Poor lowly me, of clay degree,  
 Ask but a mite perform.  
 Grant one, Arianna, but one.

More favored ones may press thy hand,  
 And thoughtless at the deed  
 Press others fair with friendly air;  
 Yet for thy clasp I plead.  
 Grant one, Arianna, but one.

Perchance some nobler knight may come  
 And love thee ardent, long;  
 Perchance thy heart may glow impart,—  
 Yet echoes mine thy song.  
 But thine, Arianna, but thine.

## TO THEE

Yon bud unfolds its petals soft  
And shyly turns face to the sun;  
It spreads its silken fibre wide,  
Its fragrant life but now begun.  
It knows not why, nor tries to find  
The secret source of hidden love,  
It only knows the sun doth shine,  
And thrills to the gentle warmth above.

Yon bird spreads forth its golden sail,  
And wings its way far in yon blue,  
Nor does it falter in its flight;  
Its heart is pure, its eye is true.  
It asks not why the throbbing soul  
Springs forth in thrills of joyous sound,  
It only knows the world is good,  
And joy and life and love abound.

And so my heart can never tell  
The why and wherefore of its love;  
It but can feel thy presence near;  
It but can ask and let thee prove.  
It knows not why the mantling blush  
Steals up the face so all can see;  
It only knows, O soul of mine,  
It knows one thing, its love for thee.



## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

I sat down to write and knew not why,  
 Involuntarily I started my pen;  
 Another force seemed to control my thoughts,  
 Another power to guide me then.  
 I had no thought of the words thus placed,  
 I took no note of the lines I traced,  
 I seemed to dream, and as one dazed  
 I wrote the words,  
 "It might have been."

Weary of life and tired of wrong,  
 Oppressed by the longing and pain,  
 I looked back on the paths I just had trod  
 And wished I could tread them again.  
 I thought of a face, of a voice, of a look,  
 Of the days I spent with her near the brook,  
 When I fancied I could read her soul like a book;  
 Then mournfully murmured,  
 "It might have been."

I wearily thought of the path of life,  
 How lonely and sad 'tis for men,  
 When hopes have vanished and life is a waste,  
 Because of the words, "It might have been."  
 Oh, sad are the words: "Recall them I pray,  
 Oh, give me again another day  
 And a different path will I make for me,—"  
 But time mocked with the words,  
 "It might have been."

I woke with a start and looked around  
At the books and my study den;  
My head sank low, my eyes grew dim,  
And my hand let fall the coursing pen,  
For my thoughts had stirred dark memories  
past,  
When my life was gay and hope was fast  
Realizing my ambition. But now at last  
My only words were,  
"It might have been."

## HEART-ACHE

Lost is the visioned hope,  
     The one sun-golden dream  
 That made my life ennobled,  
     And caused the night-gloom seem  
 As though the courts of heaven  
     Had widened full their portals,  
 Had thrust the golden glory down  
     Upon the struggling mortals  
 With bursting rays of holy,  
     Most holy radiant light,  
 And rosed the dismal pathway,  
     Until my life grew bright.

'Tis like the setting sunlight  
     That dies in the western breeze,  
 Full—dank with the gloom of midnight,  
     With the winds that chill and freeze:  
 More cold than the icy boreas  
     That roar from the caves of death;  
 More black than the shades of Tartarus  
     Arising on Stygian breath;  
 Because the blessed brightness  
 Is doubly lost in the gloom;  
 So the hope of the uproused soul  
     Is doubly crushed by its doom.

But through the gathering twilight,  
     And through the deep of night,  
 Behold! the cherub's candles  
     Pour out their twinkling light,  
 And speak of the faithful guardians  
     Who forever vigils keep,

Despite Life's grim disasters,  
Despite Death and Lethe's sleep.  
So will my dreams of sadness  
Give way to the Light Above;  
So will despair and madness  
Be banished by THY love.

## WHEN I MEET HER AGAIN

Ah! When I meet her again, I know  
 Full well my heart will speak, and though  
 My eyes may have the scales of night  
 Encrusted deep to seer the sight,  
 And densest shadows from Stygian gloom  
 Like the pall of Death from Dante's doom  
 May hover about to rape the sense,  
 And weirdly dull the mind intense;  
 Or even deeper may morphose the mind  
 Till the outer heart and Soul be blind,—  
 Yet shall the Inner Soul speak out  
 And call across the gruesome void,  
 As though alone of all it joyed  
 In leaping the chasm of Fate to shout  
 Its thrill, and feel the joy, the pain,  
 Of love;—when I meet her again.

Yes, when I meet her again, and she  
 May glance with wonder, beholding me,  
 And a troubled look may cloud her eye  
 As the fleeting mist which dims the sky,  
 And though at first a curl of scorn  
 May pass her lips, as in the morn  
 The bittern denies its pleading mate,  
 Or the pheasant plumed in proud estate  
 Brooks never a glance at the lowly flock,  
 But stands to dazzle and prunes to mock;  
 Yet sudden shall her soul awake,  
 As swift the love leaps from my heart  
 To encompass her aura, and fleet impart  
 The quickening throb that ever shall make  
 The wondrous One which once were twain,  
 Indivisible;—when I meet her again.

“ THOUGHTS, IDLE THOUGHTS ”

Thoughts, thoughts—idle thoughts,  
 O, that I could forget!  
 My heart yet throbs for long gone days,  
 My mind still sighs regret.  
 O, that the past had never been,  
 Or that I could undo  
 The many wrongs, the pangs and pain,  
 That love has done for you.

Thoughts, thoughts, idle thoughts!  
 They come of yesterday,  
 When you and I were happy, love,—  
 But now 'tis passed away.  
 Then hearts were filled with hallowed fire,  
 And soft your answer sobbed;  
 Upon my breast your heart was pressed,—  
 'Tis gone,—and both are robbed.

Thoughts, thoughts, idle thoughts!  
 Alas, we have them all.  
 The deeds are done, the past is gone,  
 The pains alone recall.  
 God pity the man, old, sere, alone,  
 Whose only memory, pain;  
 Whose idle thought, with sadness wrought,  
 Returns again and again.

God pity the maid whose day is gone  
Without the thrill of love;  
Whose sob and cry, with weeping eye,  
The dreams of youth are wove.  
Yet was that joy of other days  
With Heaven's blessings bought;  
And dreary days, once filled with songs,  
By idle, vagrant thought.

## THE KNIGHT'S REPLY

A blue-eyed maiden, bright, with laughing lips,  
With fair round form, and coral finger tips,  
With golden clustered hair on which a rosebud laid,  
While 'gainst her brow the glinting sunbeams played,  
Stood at the fount and watched the silver spray  
As up it dashed and then soft purred away.

Low at her feet there knelt an armored knight  
With stately grace; his helmet burnished bright,  
A sheathed sword hung dangling at his side,  
But now returned from danger, far and wide,  
Besought her grace, and whispering words of love  
Made plea that she his passion now would prove.

With simple gesture, arch and piquant glance,  
And watching still the Naiades in their dance,  
She said, "Stay. Soon my curls turn old and gray,  
Like spring my beauty soon will fade away,  
And then, oh knight, thy heart will colder turn,  
And no more incense on love's altar burn."

"Fair one," he cried in fervid passioned voice,  
"Wert thou but haggard now I would rejoice!  
'Tis not thy fairness that I fain would win,  
'Tis thine ownself—thy purity within."  
But still she coyly held her hand aloof,  
And sought to put his loyalty to proof.



“Kind sir, beyond that shading cypress tree  
There is a maid most wondrous fair to see,  
The Vizier’s daughter, proud and rich and fair,  
With night black eyes and curling ebon hair;  
Behold her once, and for her love you’d sigh,—  
For she is far more wondrous fair than I.”

“More fair than you? Nay, that can ne’er be true,  
There’s none on earth to me more fair than you;  
For all is fair to him who truly loves,  
And by his actions every heart-throb proves.”  
Nor voice nor look could lure him from her side—  
And thus Sir Geoffrey won his blushing bride.

## WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS, DEAR

Wipe away your tears, dear,  
And smile again once more;  
Be the same sweet girl, dear,  
That you were before.  
Brush away the frowns, dear,  
Let love shine from the eye;  
Become again my sweetheart,—  
For love can never die.

Wipe away your tears, dear,  
The clouds soon pass away;  
The sun will warm a heart once  
chilled,  
The month soon will be May;  
And ere the years may pass, dear,  
Some errant pangs may fly,  
Yet, love, sweet love, will win,  
dear,  
For love can never die.

LONGING

Oh, I long to be far, far away,  
Far o'er yon dreamy, throbbing sea;  
But I would not stay far, far away,  
Oh, I would not stay far, far away,  
Far, far from home, and thee.

For the sights I may see, far, far, away,  
And the strange, strange ports beyond the sea,  
Would fill my heart nor half so full,  
Oh, would fill my heart nor half so full,  
As a sight of home, and baby, and thee.

**MEDITATIVE POEMS**



## MEDITATIVE POEMS

### MY SILENT FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

A friend I have—a friend did I say?  
Ah, yes indeed, a many have I—  
Friends tried and true for many a day,  
In sorrow, in gladness, they ever are nigh.  
I love my den when all others are gone,  
When the candle is flickering and I am alone,  
A fire in the grate, and the deep undertone  
Of peace fills my soul as the breeze passes by.

I love my bound friends, those silent jewels  
That rest on the shelf and await my pleasure,  
My friends who argue from many old schools,  
And add to my wealth with their golden treasure.  
They know when to commune with silent tongue—  
A song from the heart yet not loudly sung,  
A gem of deep thought, even doubters among,  
Yet all are my friends, of truly full measure.

Some friends of mine are witty friends,  
With quip and quirk and pleasurable joke;  
They charge the blues “avaunt” from drear life,  
And deprecate the powers of black Loke.  
All care and pain they soon brush away,  
While these, my friends, have come to stay;  
They come to smile, they come to play,—  
My friends in cloth and morocco cloak.

Josh Billings throws his cayenne hash,  
And Maupassant breathes a gentle shock,  
Bob Burdette twirls his first moustache,  
While Kendrick Bangs strolls in from a walk.  
There is jolly Mark Twain, and old Bill Nye—  
Mark's hair is too much, and Bill's is too shy—

And the jokes they crack—I'd like to die!—  
As they roost on my shelf and talk.

Then there is psycho James in serious vein,  
And Sienkiewicz of the Polish school,  
While Browning returns again and again  
With thoughts as healing as Bethesda's pool;  
Stevenson with tales of the Spanish Main,  
And Gulliver's satire of deep disdain,  
While Sill still breathes his sad refrain,  
"Oh, God be merciful to me—a fool!"

Ah, yes, Mort d'Arthur of ancient day,  
And a quaint old fellow by name of Chaucer;  
Spencer and his sweet round-de-lay,  
And Holmes with his poetical teacup and saucer.  
Curwood brings the heroic North  
With clean and wholesome tales of worth,  
While Butler tickles the ribs of mirth,  
And of Roosevelt's mind I stand in awe, sir.

Of course "Ye Olde Friends" of Victorian school  
Look in, and then smile in a fond friendly way,  
And bring to my hearth full many a rule  
Of good living and loving, and e'en how to pray;  
But my real ancient friends, Josephus and others,  
Homer and Virgil, and old fashioned brothers,  
Transcendentalist Emerson whose philosophy  
    bothers;  
Stay by me and hearten me for every new day.

Yes, there in my den away from the throng  
I chat with my friends, and know they are true.  
I can talk with them, visit them, all the day long,  
Nor will they feel slighted, if other things I do.  
So here's to my friends, the *best* man can have,  
A wise man's companion, ambitious man's slave,  
And every man's friend, to use or to leave,—  
Old as the mountains and yet ever new.

## THE CHIMES

Written at Indianapolis, while the cathedral chimes were playing "The Holy City." The author had been a guest of the Hoosier Poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and the chimes pealed forth the sad news of the poet's death.

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Slowly and massive the chimes peal forth  
Tolling the death of a man of worth.

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

With solemn sad cadence they mumble the sound,  
Thrilling the mourners gathering round,  
Now dimly, now loudly the melancholy rings,  
Softly and sweetly the chorister sings,  
Grandly and solemn the organ tone brings  
A hallowed hush down the dim gloomed aisle.  
And again comes the saddening heart-sobs, while  
The bells in the tower, in that last sad hour,  
Boom out their mournful sepulchral song,—  
Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Ah, Father in Heaven, we weak mortals pray  
That Thou wilt protect us, lest our feet stray.  
And the thrill of those chimes, wherever we be,



206 STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

When borne on the breezes, recalls us to Thee.  
Tho far may our footsteps, both faltering and sad  
Wandering in paths, which Thou hast forbade,  
Grimy and lawless, and almost forgot,  
Broken in spirit and soul but a blot,  
Despised, forsaken, o'ercome by despair,  
Completely estranged from divinity's air;  
Yet in our deep moraine let the chimes ring out,  
And, like tales long forgotten, is sin put to rout,  
The throbbing, low cadence re-enters our heart,  
We thrill and we tremble and haltingly start  
Again back to Thee in our mental desire;  
While the rime of the chime creeps higher and higher,  
From the first sobbing note of pathos and sorrow  
To a paen of joy for the hopes of tomorrow.

So, Thou, Oh Great Father, that sweet sound prolong.  
Let churches and cathedrals bring forth the deep song.  
Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

## STEDMAN

The onward-rushing seasons shout aloud in joy;  
And Earth chants anthems sweet, and rolls along  
Its ceaseless orbit; and the grand triumphal song  
Of countless throngs of harp-angels on high,  
Each with a burning star above her limpid eye,  
Rises up and ever up unto the gates of morn,  
And far, far beyond, where souls like THEE are born,  
And there around the dazzling throne they lay,  
The mighty minds assembled—poets, picture-souls—  
Who know full well the mystic source and goals  
Of all the airy shafts, triumphant hymns,  
And e'en the bleeding words that drop like gems  
Into an aching heart,—know and approve  
Thy simple songs, which I have read, and love.

## TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

Written at Fordham, Poe's home. June 23, 1911.

Alas, thou led'st a life forlorn,  
 Thy footsteps lagging missed the way,  
 And wandered far from dewy morn,  
 The radiant warmth of God's pure day.  
 But soon midst reeking slimy things  
 Didst wend a pen-path rankly vile;  
 Full oft it a haunting specter brings,  
 And oft again with crimes beguile.

Man of doom and man of sin!  
 Child of fate and born of sorrow!  
 Drugged in gloom, deranged within!  
 Wan, hopeless past and lost tomorrow!  
 Wrecked upon the shoals of self,  
 Like staggering ships spent in the storm;  
 Knowing nought of sordid pelf,  
 And food too soon of the Conquering  
 Worm!

Poet of strange, fantastic themes,  
 Reconteur of direful stories,  
 Lunging forth thy dreadful dreams  
 Filled with ghouls and psychic worries,—  
 Knowest thou not that tho thy brain  
 Be warped and seared by torrid brooding,  
 Yet the germ of Hope remain?—  
 The flower of Life is in the budding.

Alas, too soon thy song was sung!  
 And tuned too oft in minor key;  
 Methinks thy heart with gall was wrung,  
 Like Tantalus, it ne'er was free.  
 We stand in awe at works so great,  
 We grieve in dread at Ulalume,  
 We laud thee, Seer of High Estate,  
 Oh, child of sorrow, man of doom!

TO-DAY IS THE TO-MORROW OF  
YESTERDAY

PROLOGUE

To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday.  
 Ponder, mortal, the meaning hidden deep,  
 Obscure, but potent in the flaming words which play  
 So smoothly on the page. Ponder, lest ye weep.  
 Thy yesterdays were promises of all rainbow to-morrows;  
 The plough will never turn again the half-unleveled  
 furrows.  
 Each morning saw some hope within the heart strings  
 creep;  
 Each sunrise had its birth in some soul's deep desire;  
 Each day some need embraced that could a Joan inspire;  
 And genius fain would climb Art's rugged mountains  
 steep.  
 But hold, O Man! The spirit lacks for that great  
 Cosmic Urge  
 That wills to DO the visioned work which comes to hand;  
 To-day, alas, is much too short; desires laxly merge  
 Into mere wistful thought—a writing on the shifting  
 sand.  
 "To-day I rest, but ah, in that fond gold to-morrow  
 Then will I DO the great inspired World-hoped deed;  
 Then will I paint the Magdalenes of Sorrow,  
 Or salve the mendicant in his awful need."  
 Alas, thus pass unchampioned days, for swift is Time  
 upon its way,—  
 For *to-day*, O mortal, is that promised morrow of that  
 yesterday.

And to-day is the yesterday of to-morrow;  
 To-day lay up thy treasures, lest trouble ye may borrow;  
 To-day be kind, be gentle, liberal, loving;

Each deed and act a benediction amply proving.  
 For to-day's simple deed may subtly act unknown,  
 Unheralded, obscure, its worth nor widely blown.

Yet to-morrow that simple, unthought, patient deed  
 May bring you manifold help in direst need.  
 The present lack trace back to yon drab yesterday;  
 Yet for our future good we daily pray.  
 But think, O man, each passing westering sun  
 Proclaims a yesterday hath just been swiftly run,  
 And to-day, tho spent, brings but another to-morrow  
 To bless with joy, or curse with bitter sorrow.  
 So act each day as tho it held a blessing in its heart;  
 Each flower hath honey, and fruit its nectar will impart.  
 In future then ye well may happily say,  
 "I laid up my treasures in the yesterdays of to-day."

#### THE STORY

The day was bright as the happy heart  
 Of a child who romps on the verdant lawn;  
 Full-orbed the sun sent slanting rays  
 To waken the soul of radiant dawn;  
 Kissed by the breath of a vagrant breeze  
 There fluttered the leaves on the emerald  
 trees,

While above and around in ecstasy  
 Rang the carol of birds in full-throated  
 ease;

In truth the miracle of a perfect May  
 Had banished the clouds of my yesterday.

The clouds which shadowed o'er my heart  
 And gloomed my mind in frenzy blank—  
 For pain and age had dulled my art—  
 Had chilled my blood and caused the dank  
 Foul dreads of a much-wronged rage  
 Enshroud my soul in doubtings vague;  
 And through it all my rioting blood  
 Dipped deep in slough, nought to assuage;

When sudden a sigh from dim away  
Disturbed my repining for yesterday.

I turned about. My heart stood still.  
For an unseen presence hovered near.  
Upon the bench which erst was clear  
Now oozed a horrid form of ill,  
A form both vague, of uncouth shape.  
Methought it had a mouth agape,  
And rumbling, subterraneous sounds,  
And sulphurous odors seemed to escape.  
My trembling limbs, filled with dismay,  
Forsook their strength of yesterday.

But soon the shape before my path  
Assumed a quaint, decrepit form,  
A castaway on the sands of time;  
A derelict from Life's cruel storm.  
He slouched with shoulders drooping low,  
While gaunt his mien—a form of woe;  
Grey hair unkempt and straggling beard,  
And from torn buskin his bones did show.  
I paused and gazed at the sad estray  
In the sunlit present from far yesterday.

No doubt he had lived a somber plot,  
For each tongue if 'twould, a tale could tell;  
Within each past, if known or not,  
A poem, or drama, or tragedies, dwell.  
With mute apology I sat me down  
Beside the ragged, outcast lown.  
Some mysterious magic impelled me on,—  
But was greeted with scowls and a gathering  
frown,  
For I fain must probe this castaway  
From out of the chaos of yesterday!

Nor had I long to await his word,  
His draggled spirit had dwelt alone



So long that his soul cried out for God,  
 And furtive his dread lest I be gone.  
 With palsied hand he brushed his eye,  
 And trembled forth a hectic sigh,  
 Then with harsh voice and rancid breath  
 He muttered soft a wish to die;  
 And thus he spake with quaint delay,  
 In a foreign tongue, of his yesterday.

An odd philosopher, my friend,  
 Who ere a moment to me unknown,  
 Now betrayed with voice a gentle sound,  
 And actions grave, although a moan  
 Of quick despair he breathed again  
 With bated breath, like children when,  
 O'erfilled with fear or trembling pain,  
 They heave deep sobs and sighs in vain;  
 And soon I knew his misery  
 Bespoke his loss of yesterday.

“You see me here!” He slow began,  
 “A wreck of self; a fallen man;  
 But once, a thousand years ago,  
 I was not here, outcast, alone.  
 Then rang the joy-bells in my heart,  
 Then had the Sun of Life a start,  
 All peace and happiness I had,  
 And smiles and faith could love impart;  
 But friend, a word I have to say,—  
 To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday.”

“Think, O Mortal, before you act,  
 And lest your hasty voice provoke  
 A little sting, or lack of tact  
 A black despairing step invoke,  
 Bethink what Fate has left to do.  
 Reflect—the Old is ever New;  
 A promise made for future years  
 May, unfulfilled, bring bitter tears.

So let this hour complete your sway,  
For to-day is the morrow of yesterday.

"I know, O Man, 'tis passing strange  
That I should pause here and complain;  
We have our paths in life to arrange  
And once each age I return again.  
In Rome I had my own fireside,  
And owned a Keep, and blushing bride—  
Yes, once I had all that you have,  
My peace and love at eventide.  
But alas, O Mortal, I cast it away,—  
And to-day is my morrow of that yesterday."

His voice took on an awful sound,  
As though 'twere the thunder of roaring sea,  
Or the ghostly caverns of underground  
Had thrown their gruesome wail to me.  
And mysterious terror chilled my blood;  
I whispered a prayer 'gainst evil, for good,  
For ghastly trembling seized on my limbs,  
As he lifted his cowl and showed a shroud.  
"Listen," he groaned sepulchrally,  
"To-day is the morrow of yesterday!"

"Each age I must this tale unfold,  
To warn all man 'gainst deadly sin,  
To guard some maid 'gainst crime untold,  
To thwart the Monster green within.  
Each age! Long years, one thousand gone,  
From darkest day 'till brighter dawn,  
From ancient time when Otto thrived  
Till present Renaissance is done,  
The Curse prevents me from decay,  
I warn 'gainst the deeds of yesterday.

"Deep in your heart you hold a sorrow."  
I started up in abject fear,  
For had I not just cursed the morrow,



And sworn anathema most drear?  
"Nay, frenzy not the leaping blood,  
For from this hour your faith is good;  
And list this tale, reflect thereon,  
And make its meaning be your food,  
For ne'er man born to meet the fray  
Who has not lost some yesterday.

"One thousand years have lagged and dragged,  
Since first I saw the siren face  
Of the madonna maid of Arahad;  
And quick my sight to love gave place;  
Celestial stars seemed beckoning;  
On branch and trees birds warbling;  
Cerulean skies looked brightly down,  
And through my life coursed throbs of  
spring.

Each day more perfect than the soul of May,  
And I gave no thought to my yesterday.

"Her past I never sought to know,  
Nor questioned such beauty its noble birth;  
Her love alone I bought, and so  
With love alone I weighed its worth.  
'Twas pure. I knew such lusciant skin  
With liquid pearl dissolved within;  
With eyes so deep, that ethereal skies  
A puddle was, could hold no sin.  
And for my faith and constancy  
She promised to reveal her yesterday.

"Her yesterday! Alas, her morrow  
Never came. But yet each hour  
Brought joy complete; and never sorrow  
Struck its talons with churlish power.  
Each day was one bewildering joy  
So glorious full, without alloy,  
That forgotten was all thought of past,  
Like winter's chill in zepherous blast,

And year by year sped blithely away,  
Till buried was her yesterday.

“One pensive moment the impulse came  
To speak and have her tell it all;  
But the thrill mysterious of infant name  
Banished all doubt; and the sacred thrall  
Of birth-hour hushed all vagrant thought;  
For life itself its truth had taught,  
And midst the fruit of profoundest bliss  
The sinuous qualm of suspense was forgot.  
We probed our love, and recklessly  
Lay blind to the wraith of all yesterday.

“So day by day in heart of pleasure  
We probed the power of passion’s dream,  
We sipped the crystal cup full measure,  
And ever sought the latent gleam  
Of deeper troth in new desire.  
A tense and overwhelming fire  
Fanned our love into new flame,  
’Til roseate edges did acquire  
A wondrous strength, and seemed to be  
Beyond all qualms of yesterday.

“Whene’er the pin-prick of the thought  
That mayhap in her unknown past  
Some ugly terror might have bought  
A chance enlodgement, holding fast  
Its cancerous coil within her soul,  
And at some moment take its toll  
When nature lay dormant, virtue asleep,  
Then cruelly rush unto its goal,—  
Yet thrust I the doubt in haste away,  
‘The morrow will plead her yesterday.’

“To-morrow! And every passing glass  
Which upended the sand within its waist

Would still the fruitless hours o'erpass,  
 And give its love a deeper taste.  
 'To-morrow! Love, will I explain,  
 And ope a secret full of pain  
 Which like a poisonous reptile feeds  
 Upon my heart,'—Then Lethe again.  
 Each moment, hour, hastening day,  
 Proclaimed the to-morrows of yesterday.

"Procrastinate, and Time is lost,  
 And never may we call it back,  
 And all we desire, have or lack  
 Into the lap of Eternity is tossed.  
 A day, a week, a passing year,  
 Without a doubt, a pain, a tear,  
 And more and more the joyous feast  
 Like crystal moons, winnowed of fear;  
 Forgotten her promises from day to day,  
 Each day was the morrow of some yesterday.

"Full oft the clarion note of Time  
 Uproused the billows of changing fear  
 To burst the spell which held sublime,  
 And smote and smote upon the ear,  
 'Awake! Oh, mortal somned in Lethe,  
 And scale the rugged heights where breath  
 Of higher sanity may tear  
 The robes from Fate, the cowl from Death.  
 Arrange the moment that she may  
 Breathe the tale to you to-day!'

"But love and passion brooked no rest,  
 And love and love's delight were king;  
 She loved, I loved, and which the best  
 Did love, could ne'er a judgment bring.  
 So deaf again to Time's behest,  
 And deaf to memory's stern contest,  
 For who could at such moment fling  
 A scorpion in the cup of zest;

So passed the dawn, and passed for aye  
The time to tell her yesterday.

“One morning as I stood and dreamed  
And looked adown the distant glade,  
I thought I saw a hand that seemed  
To hold aloft a gleaming blade;  
And as the flash of mystic toy  
Could barely pierce me to annoy,  
My heart spake out, ‘It but displayed  
The rainbow of everlasting joy  
Caught by the sheen of fountain’s play,—  
The million suns within its spray.’

“Again one night as through the dusk  
We wandered, drawn by throbbing bliss,  
The air incensed with myrrh and musk,  
And heart to heart, each vow a kiss,  
The slender moon meseemed it cast  
A haunting shadow as it passed,  
And far-faint breath half-mourned, I wiss,  
Because I faltered to the last,  
And failed to plead, ‘Voice it to-day,  
For to-day is the morrow of all yesterday.’ ”

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Methought a gloom had settled o'er  
The trees, the park, the sky, the mall,  
And a strangling vapor seemed to soar  
Around the presence like a pall.  
With nervous stride I stepped aside  
And fain would stem the rising tide  
Of fantastic, irksome, dolorous tale  
Now forced upon me by this guide,  
Who hoarsely cried and bade me stay  
And list to his tale of yesterday.

He paused, and o'er his gaze there spread  
A cloud of pain, of agony,

As though a storm had hid the sky,  
 But soon was spent and passed away.  
 And by this time the heavens o'ercast  
 The wind sprang up in icy blast:  
 And raindrops came and pattering fast  
 Swept down, but still his melancholy past  
 He urged upon me insistently,—  
 "To-day is the morrow of yesterday."

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"The heavens above ne'er held more bliss  
 Than lay within my humble breast;  
 Fair lady she of high degree,  
 And I her favorite knight was blessed.  
 And so we dwelt for many years  
 With smiles above and seldom tears,  
 With love much-told and faithfulness,  
 Until our land called me to wars.  
 Then blithely went I on my way  
 With armor on, nor thought to stay.

"How proud she looked as marching by  
 With bugle flouting on the breeze,  
 And pennants flying to the sky,—  
 One hundred thousand at her knees,  
 All shouting cheers for victory,  
 Swearing allegiance to our throne  
 With vaunting faith, nor discontent;  
 And I the 'fender of the crown.  
 Soon rode we forth in bright array  
 Nor looked we back on our yesterday.

"Long days we fought and fought with might,  
 Like legions from the higher world;  
 We struck for home, to save our right,  
 And in God's grace our flags unfurled.  
 The martial strains of melody  
 Soothed aching bones each dying day,



And stirred the blood to battle fierce  
Upon the field in banked array.  
For ours of right was the victory;  
Our shout, 'Remember yesterday.'

"Eftsoon returned I from the front  
With tidings of triumphant peace,  
To pour into her lap the jewels  
Which came, the proof that war should cease.  
And the very heavens, with blue divine,  
And deeper hue I knew would shine  
From her proud eyes like sapphire twins,  
And flash a script of love to mine.  
Full-joyed I hasted happily  
To bless her with our victory.

"Nor did one breath of dismal thought  
O'ershadow the boast of eager joy,  
And apprehension ne'er uprose,  
For was our faith without alloy.  
The very wrens on fence and wall  
Re-echoed the life in the soldier's call;  
The air was fair, the trees were green.  
But hold! Black treacherous foulness may  
Besmirch the snows of yesterday.

"When bare ten leagues from our castle walls,  
A lurking courier secretly  
Bore in a message of intent vile,  
And disappeared mysteriously.  
'What ho!' I cried in anger wroth,  
'Behead that villain, or by my troth,  
I'll slay each bearer of that tale,  
And teach the scandal-mongers truth!  
My house? The pride of Tuscany?  
And bring ye tidings such to me?'

"But spleen once 'jected in the blood,  
Will boil and effervesce withal

Until the over-venomed mood  
 O'erflows and tastes of bitterest gall.  
 Ne'er slept I for black evil hours,  
 Nor looked where strode I through green bowers.  
 Ye gods! My brain was seared with fire  
 Which quenched could be by no earth-showers.  
 For in that dread uncertainty,  
 I bethought her hint of a yesterday.

"Her yesterday! I stood! Like a shock  
 There came the flash of mystic sound  
 From out the past, and seemed to mock  
 My faith in man; and so there wound  
 The serpent's coil athwart my mind,  
 The slimy creeping coils of blind  
 And dreadful jealousy, and doubt  
 Of the unknown past she had left behind.  
 And I cursed and raved in agony  
 At the untold hell in her yesterday.

"That night as I dragged me to my tent  
 Both sick at heart and body spent,  
 Bethought me then a strange intent  
 To which I quick my spirit bent.  
 Without a word to the sleeping band  
 Who returned with me to my native land,  
 Without a sound which might betray  
 Me to my guard, or my will withstand,  
 I stole past the sleepers silently  
 To probe the curse of that yesterday.

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"High o'er the tents the moon shone down  
 And sleepy birds crooned in yon tree,  
 While starry points gleamed from a town  
 Which hid itself 'neath the distant sky.  
 I heard the night thrush cheep to its mate.  
 Alas,—'twas not a night for hate;

The nightingale's full liquid note  
 Could almost monstrous storms abate.  
 And sweet the gentle hush held sway—  
 Forgot for the dream was my yesterday.

“But soon I beheld the marching form  
 Of a distant guard on his grim night beat,  
 And the spectral gleam of the ghostly turm  
 Whose tents, moon-kissed, did the sky-line meet;  
 And I groped along in the densest shade  
 While a troubadour his 'plaining made  
 In a minor key—far o'er the camp,  
 And his song the thongs of night invade,  
 His melancholy did pain betray;  
 'Twas a wail for the fallen of yesterday.”

## SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR

*Alas! Alas! We have won the fray,  
 And our dead were alive but yesterday;  
 Our dead are silent in the tomb  
 And our living, awaked, soon meet their doom.  
 For every day there is a to-morrow;  
 For every joy there is a wan sorrow;  
 For every smile there is a tear;  
 And every birth fortells a bier.  
 Alas! Each pleasure has its pain;  
 Each heart of white doth hide its stain;  
 Each ounce of gold doth hold some dross.  
 And every gain doth show some loss.  
 In truth all life is agony,  
 And Death surcease from misery;  
 All hope but ends in blank despair  
 And sordid grime is everywhere.  
 Why should weak man in terror pray  
 “Give us, O Lord, our Crust this day?”*

“I turned about with leaden heart,  
 And ague shook the form of night,



Then glided silently through the mart  
Of tomb-like tents in the moonlight bright.  
Like a spectre soft I stole along,  
While upon my ear the plaintive song  
With lagging dirge the chords prolong,  
Until my blood stood dead, at wrong—  
The wrong of broken faith; and grey,  
Dull grey, were the clouds o'er my yesterday.

“A demon I, when I reached the plain,  
And strident walk and curses low  
Hung on the air, subdued but main  
Strong and vicious at the blow.  
I recked what wrong befel me then,  
My blood o'ershot my throbbing brain,  
And black and red surged through my eye,  
As I breathed the curse again and again;  
For I wrenched my heart with agony  
At the base deceit of my yesterday.

“With a cry of hate I sprang aloft  
And cut the thongs of my charger there,  
Away we flew while oft and oft  
My vision pictured the faithless pair.  
On and on over the wind-swept vale,  
With speed terrific we ploughed the dale;  
O'er hill, o'er wood, and rising scale  
The distant mount; and soon our goal  
Of many leagues beblackened the sky,  
Just at the dawn of another day.

“Nor slacked the speed of the flying mare,  
Nor slacked the hate in the blackened heart,  
For sin was stamped in the distance there,  
And Souls were stained by impious art.  
With foam-flecked bit; with sweat-flecked  
    coat,  
With heaving sides and swollen throat  
The horse pushed panting through the moat

And staggered spent to my gemote,  
Where a hostler sprang in blank dismay  
To view this master of yesterday.

“‘Hold! Soft!’ quoth I with steely voice;  
’Tis silence, dog, ’ope not thy mouth,  
Or, by my faith, will the imps rejoice  
At thy carcass sent to swell my wrath.  
No word to living soul give out  
That I am here or e’en about;  
Behold, sub-rosa on my path,  
And I will yet her treachery flout.’  
Commanding thus with prompt obey,  
I sent the beggar on his way.

‘Then with soft footstep to the court  
Wherein the somber palace lay,  
The tryst wherein our faith did sport.  
The court, dew-kissed by heaven’s ray,  
Where tinkling soft the sparkling fount  
Like cooling streams from lethal mount,  
And clambering vines with fragrance sweet,  
And buds and birds of myriad count.  
Redolent bower of dream’s display!  
Could eft-day’s joys our hearts betray?

“The aspiring sun had squared its rays  
Above the rising turret’s cope,  
And pruning doves their sounds of praise  
Now crooned and swelled the prayer of hope,  
While breezes soft and redolent waft  
The tired lotus by the shaft  
Of golden light which shimmered down,  
And e’en the playful fountain laughed  
To see the fresh-born joy of May.  
It seemed I had gone but yesterday.

“But all that cheer sped past my heart,  
Which bitter-black throbbled out its hate,

Nor could soft scenes their peace impart  
Nor gentle sounds its gall abate;  
So, stealthily I crossed the court  
With evil glare and gross import,  
And like an horrid-omened gnome  
I stole into a secret port  
Which led me straight into the bay  
Where slept my beloved of yesterday.

“With cunning stealth and cautious tread  
I passed across the velvet floor  
Which dulled the step, and neared the bed,  
The canopied couch which days before  
My bride and I had warmed with bliss,  
Had sought in love, had sealed by kiss;  
The silken tapestry in sweeping fold  
Hung drooping soft, and well I wiss  
The undraped form which therein lay.  
It pierced my heart in agony.

“I looked around and saw each piece  
Of treasured token on the wall,  
Each picture had its san felice,  
Each book and ornament its call,  
And all the love of long ago  
Welled in my breast and bade me go  
And tarry not to curse the hour  
That brought me back to avenge my woe;  
But on the escritoire there lay  
A gauntlet, tied most prettily.

“A stranger’s gauntlet! So the blood  
With wildly-leaping sting and pain  
Sprang back, and blacker was my mood  
Until I was a fiend again.  
With bitter cry I drew my blade  
From out my sheath and quickly preyed  
Upon the couch, and thrust aside  
The drapes that hid my lecherous bride.

With harsh and raucous curse I cry!—  
But vacant my couch of yesterday!

“Dazed quite but not undone  
I groped my staggering way in gloom,  
For had my task but now begun,  
And now had Fate prepared her doom.  
Red crime black hours prefers to light,  
And hides its horrors from the sight,  
Like devil-fish which inks the sea,  
And throws a slimy stain to blight,  
So crouched I through the passage-way  
Which darkly led me to bewray.

“Anon and down I crept along  
Until I came to a wide draped door,  
And halted quick as a tinkling gong  
Smote on my ear. Like long before  
The breakfast bell with joyous sound  
Would call the roused family round,  
And seated happ'ly by the board  
Most pleasant jollity would abound; .  
But now—I halted soft to see  
What form of man my foe might be.

“With bated breath, scarce turning slow,  
I pressed the portieres soft apart,  
And gazed upon the guilty two  
Who had rent the love-strings from my heart.  
I gazed, and saw the purest face  
That any maiden e'er did grace;  
The daintiest form, and slenderest limbs  
That were e'er encased in filmy lace.  
The light of love ne'er left her eye;—  
And this was the wife about to die.

“A half-smile curved her enticing lips,  
And flashed the dare from her wells of blue,  
While the courtier kissed her finger tips

And then he kissed her ripe lips, too.  
 With mighty groan I repressed my spleen  
 And felt the edge of my dagger keen,  
 While all unconscious of impending fate  
 They ate, and laughed at the sparkling sheen  
 Of the dancing sun's reflected ray,  
 Which mirrored the dreams of our yesterday.

“He was young in form and bold in look,  
 With manly doublet, and masterful air;  
 In truth, not twice his will could brook,  
 And his face could win a maiden fair.  
 The butler observed them solemnly  
 As elders will the children at play,  
 And seemed benign to bless their meal,  
 As long as he knew her knight was away.  
 But little they recked that terrible 'splay  
 Which would doom her lack of constancy.

“The meal progressed amid sweet words  
 And lingering touches of the hand,  
 While silver carols from hidden birds  
 Bespoke the peace throughout the land.  
 He looked most tender in her eyes,  
 As though his breast were filled with sighs,  
 Then picked a timbrel from a couch  
 And turned sweet joy-filled melodies.  
 His vaunting voice was raised in praise  
 To the joys of ever-present days.”

#### THE SONG

*Rejoice to-day! Rejoice to-day!  
 To-day is the yesterday of to-morrow;  
 Avaunt, black Death! Begone, wan Sorrow!  
 For Life doth call—We Live to-day.  
 Forget the past, nor trouble borrow;  
 Live for to-day in blest to-day!*



*Have joy to-day! Sweet joy to-day!  
 Drink deep of love, the cup is full.  
 Nor sigh the past, nor seek to lull  
 The passions roused, when roused to-day,  
 For vain repines make life but dull;  
 Awake to-day and love for aye!*

*Live in to-day! Taste mirth to-day!  
 The morrow regrets for pleasures lost.  
 Enjoy the dance what-e'er it cost.  
 We live but once, and thence away  
 N'er to return. What'er thou dost  
 Drive care away, my prayer to-day.*

*Sweet Love, to-day is the thrilling day!  
 Why, oh why, can the love-feast tarry;  
 Eat, drink, and thus be merry,  
 For to-morrow leaps and we may die.  
 The earth is gold, the heavens starry;  
 Smile, O Love, 'tis our nuptial-day!*

“I heard, and quick my blood grew gall,  
 And I strove not how to check my stride,  
 For I beheld her crimson at his call,  
 And embrace him tender, like a bride.  
 Then speaking soft, as lovers do,  
 I heard her gently pledge the two,  
 The words were low and I heard them not,  
 But the actions speak if the words are few;  
 Then quick he left to ride away—  
 With the heart of my bride of yesterday.

“He approached and stepping fast as wind  
 Came straight and bold to the silk-draped  
 door,  
 Where lurking death lay waiting behind  
 To thrust him away forevermore.  
 His gauntlet' arm bare touched the fold

When with a cry like fiends untold  
 My blade sprang out, and with a scream  
 His stricken form grew tense and cold,  
 While gurgling blood crept dank away;—  
 O God! That crime of yesterday!

“With horror-stricken face and eye,  
 My bride could only gaze like death,  
 When she beheld that it was I  
 Who had hurled such harm with bitter  
       wrath.

She swayed and fell upon the floor,  
 While masks of fright the servants wore,  
 And then half-roused she from the swoon  
 And called in piteous moans and sore  
 For the dying carcass in the way  
 That had blighted the joys of our yesterday.

“‘O man! O God!’ She wailed in pain,  
 ‘O Virgin, smile on me again;  
 O husband, know ye what ye’ve done?  
 My only brother have ye slain;  
 This was the one sad yester-past,  
 A stripling youth, he had wantoned fast  
 And banished was from my father’s court,  
 But now returned a man at last;  
 And ye have murdered him this day!  
 Alas, had I told you my yesterday!’

“With broken heart and pain she dies,  
 But e’er her soul had flown away  
 She cursed the deed that I had done,  
 She cursed it in her agony;  
 For by that blow three had I killed—  
 The youth, my bride, and unborn child,—  
 And killing, fore-ordained had wrought  
 My everlasting misery.  
 Now every hundred years must I  
 Becry that scene of yesterday.



"My heart stood still at the awful deed,  
 My mind refused to grasp the blow,  
 I tried to cry, and in my need  
 I tried to pray, but no words flow.  
 My tongue laid thick and parched and dry;  
 My eyes were blind, I fain would die,  
 And with an awful scarred scream  
 I heard a voice from out the sky,—  
 A voice of dreadful mystery  
 Proclaim my Doom eternally.

"‘Forever shalt thou come on earth  
 And thus atone each hundredth year,  
 And give thy horrid tale rebirth  
 Until a heart shall fill with fear.  
 A heart that hidden doth contain  
 Full-venomed coil of jealousy;  
 A heart that rankles, though it fain  
 Would salve itself from misery.’  
 And so this day my warning be—  
 Beware of this tale of yesterday,

"Bethink thee e'er thy anger fall,  
 To-day is time, the morrow too late;  
 To-day atone for error's call;  
 To-morrow's scales may fall from Hate,  
 And where the wrong you mayhap thought  
 Had pierced your heart and misery bought  
 Perchance may be a mirage black,  
 And wretchedness may come to nought.  
 Beware lest to-morrow bring agony  
*For to-day is the morrow of yesterday.*

"And to-day is the yesterday of to-morrow;  
 Bespeak to-day thy future joy;  
 It may bring smiles, it may bring sorrow,  
 But let not dross with gold alloy;  
 Clean out thy heart of rubbish dark,  
 And let the heaven-light enter in,

Enfold the angels from the ark  
And let the Love in Life begin.  
We have but once to pass this way,  
And each day is a morrow of yesterday.”

With this last word he turned around,  
His face grew sere and parched his skin,  
He struck then thrice upon the ground,  
And lo, it ope'd and from within  
There 'rose a sound of music soft,  
As angels make from Heaven's loft,  
But ere a word I could reply,  
With mingled sulphurous smell and cry  
He disappeared, and with a sigh  
I swooned at this tale of yesterday.

\* \* \*

The rain had spent its vagrant drops,  
And blue the sky in western joy,  
The birds sang blithe in yon elm tops  
While rays of Sol were slanted coy.  
I brushed the moisture from my brow,  
And mused in mind—'twas strange in trow,  
For had the sprite but read my mind,  
And to the world had sent this vow?  
'Twas sad in truth that Destiny;  
AND TO-DAY IS THE MORROW OF YESTERDAY!

## THE STORM

Peaceful was the day, and calm the balmy air;  
High o'erhead the lazy clouds floated slowly on;  
And in the trees the robin carrolled his full-throated song  
In flute-like tones, while from the golden field  
The meadow-lark piped his wondrous obligato.  
Ah, God was in Nature, and Nature was God,  
And all was well and good.

The robin's mate twittered softly upon the nest,  
Fed by the busy male who sang joyously while he fed;  
And goldfinch, oriole, wren and mocking-bird  
Joined in the symphony of divine nature, led  
By the tuneful bobolink who pertly outvoiced them all,  
To make God's harmony complete.  
While strident sparrow syncopated as a thrumming  
kettledrum  
His scolding voice, and twittered a lovenote anon.

But sudden the orchestra ceased.  
A harsh wind blew through the bending boughs  
And ruffled the feathers of the brooding robin-mother.  
The God of Nature now took on a passing frown;  
Displeasure had reached his volatile soul,  
And the darkness of illwill was scouraging across his face.  
What kind of God is this who changeth so?  
Can a God frown, and destroy by his frown?  
What form of emotional pleasure hath that God,  
That so can change all happiness in a trice?  
Can man love such a fearful God?.

A threatening cloud obscured the paling sun,  
Traacherous, black, overshadowing, horrible!

Purple depths lay in its darker parts, and there  
 At the edges pale golden gleams of phosphorescent  
 light

Yellowed the trembling landscape, while a haze  
 Of terrible agony paused and hovered over all.  
 Deep mutterings and rumblings grumbled in the air,  
 While vivid bursts of livid light flared across the vault,  
 And danced jagged streaks of ill omen 'gainst heaven's  
 screen,

And the trees and flowers bent their heads in suppli-  
 cation

At the onrushing God of the Storm.

Was this the same God riding on the winds,  
 Who erstwhile had smiled into the heart of the ecstatic  
 birds?

With a rush and whirl and a howl and a roar,  
 Came the battle of Evil to give the Good war;  
 Came the horrible imps from the realms of chaos  
 To destroy all the joy that had been there before.  
 The thunderous tread of the army of night  
 Swept onward in battalions and regiments of fright,  
 While Heaven's artillery volleyed its evil malediction  
 Upon the forest and field and hillside alike;  
 Pausing here and there to flash a blinding bolt  
 Upon a noble tree, or spire, or gaping gable,  
 Until havoc reigned and peace was peace no more.  
 And thus did the God of Nature show his love,—  
 By destruction, misery, and death.  
 What a God!

Anon the ghastly, gloomy cloud passed on  
 With its trail of violence, destruction, and death,  
 And in its path havoc reigned—havoc and misery.  
 While scattered round were ruins of the former joy,  
 Ruins of the morning's peace and contentment.  
 Happiness was happiness no more, for wrought  
 By the hand of that God lay all aspiration in the muck  
 Of the torrent's terrible destruction and waste.

That which had taken years to upbuild and rear—  
 God's temples—to grow and point their proud heads  
 To the pleasant skies, now lay ravished, couchant,  
 devastated.

What that God had made in agony of conception  
 By circling processes of long-built time he had destroyed  
 Wantonly in a moment, and with it all  
 The harmless joyous life of the melodious dawn,  
 The birds, the butterfly, the bud, and blossom, and grain,  
 And there, upon the jagged rock upreared  
 In mute protest to the hardened heaven above  
 I found the mother robin, nest tattered and in shreds,  
 With broken wings, eyes forever closed and silent throat,  
 Heart-beats stilled beyond recall by the cruel storm,—  
 The storm upon which that God had ridden his angry  
 chase,—

God, The God of Nature,—Nature in its finer mood,  
 And Nature in its most ruthless mood,  
 Liberation of the hosts of hell, the powerful minions  
 Of everlasting force, energy enough to drive the World,  
 Its factories, trams, and mills for an Eon of Time,—  
 All used for one brain-stormed moment to destroy  
 One harmless little mother bird peacefully nesting—  
 One robin, one sparrow in its nest.  
 How pitiful!  
 Ah, such a waste of useless power!  
 What a God!

What a God!

What a God!

## MISUNDERSTOOD

One bright day as pondering I sped,  
 In dreamy absorbed contemplation,  
 I heard a cry, weak, wailing and sad,—  
 'Twas the cry of a soul in grieved tribulation.  
 Unconsciously, softly, it entered my mind,  
 And left deep longings and memories behind.  
 In vain I endeavored to recall the sad word;  
 In my heart it sounded a responsive chord;  
 Deeply I pondered, yet do what I might  
 That cadence of sorrow eluded me quite;  
 Till dreaming and reflecting, with weight at my heart  
 (I thought 'twas a warning of Delphicus art)  
 When suddenly came ringing a knell, soft, subdued,  
 And I breathed the sad words—  
 "I'm misunderstood."

The soft, sad refrain kept ringing and low,  
 Through memory it came stealing, light—like the snow  
 Falling white and pure on the cold, dank earth,  
 Clothing nature and barrenness with vestments of birth.  
 Thus to my deep longing and echoing mind  
 Came the cadence, the dissonance of that sad wind.  
 Mayhaps some lost soul had breathed the cruel word,  
 And sinking heart-broken for suspicions incurred.  
 Or perhaps some fair Echo, with soft beaming eyes,  
 Loved affectionately and coyly, was repulsed, and dies;  
 A child, with soft arms, enfolds man about,  
 Its caress is chided, its lovelight dies out.  
 And again that sad wailing resounds through the wood,  
 The sorrowful inflection,  
 "I'm misunderstood."



Misunderstood, misunderstood, how pregnant with love!  
How longingly are echoed these words from above!  
How often are we hindered in our struggle through life  
By mistaken impressions which often cause strife!  
How many a sad soul, with love in its heart,  
Is forced to wan sorrow because of this dart;  
And often poor stranger, with interest intense,  
Becomes a drear outcast because of this lance.  
All manner of men in this world cannot meet  
The others with smiles, and gracefully greet.  
All tongues cannot speak with easy eclat,  
For many a dreamer knows worldliness not.  
An eccentric, the recluse, a genius imbued,  
Loves nature and beauty, but e'er  
    Misunderstood.



## AFTER ALL

After all, what profits it the race;  
 The desperate act, the dare, the frenzied pace;  
 The firm resolve—too oft dismayed by doom;  
 The ghastly task, soon lost in sullen gloom;  
 The life of love, the prim and silent prayer,  
 The hopes forlorn, the daily grind and care;  
 Dark grovelling crowds, a mass of sprawling spawn,  
 Stand vainly at the brink of dawn;  
 All, all but lust and petty passion's slave,  
 And even lives of virtue also find the grave,  
     After all, after all.

After all, what benefits come on amain.  
 Is not this fleeting life one sordid round of pain?  
 A streak of sunshine edges through the threatening  
     cloud  
 And passing pleasure sapiently seeks the solemn shroud;  
 A wail of new-born mote transcends the morning light,  
 And faltering at the threshold, is hushed at gruesome  
     night.  
 It breaks the sodden chains of millions silent ages,  
 It trails a tiny streak on Fate's mysterious pages,  
 An agony of mortal mother's birth-hour worth,  
 And fleeting vanished with the soul that gave it birth,  
     After all, after all.

After all, the gleam of fires-infernal glare  
 Reflections in our heart, and wake despair;  
 The maid of innocence the mistress to the man,  
 The man—a vulture since the world of lust began—  
 Is slave to self, and barely views the gleam  
 Which Aurora-like gives color to his dream.

And after all, when Silent Night its curfew rings,  
And Age the fairy snows of soft contentment brings,  
E'en then the pain of long forgotten hopes arise,  
Remorse—regret—will heave the breast with sighs,  
    After all, after all.

## PRAYER

Ah, Thou mysterious moving spark divine,  
Imbedded in the meanest as a shrine,  
Give Thou the power to rise above the stanchant pall  
Which Stygian-like dismays and hovers over all;  
Arouse the Soul to strive above the puny ways  
That shackle mallow mortals through his hopeless days;  
And thrust him sheer upon the plane of nobler thought  
Which, heaven-sent, a Nature's prize hath wrought!  
And even then like falcon on the keener chase  
Glorify and thrill each Soul-Life to its place—  
    After all, after all.

## THE BIRTH

The sky is deep and clear o'erhead  
 Like the soul of a vestal-virgin nun;  
 And the distant stars shine with delight  
 That their watch for the night is nearly done.  
 Far out in space rush the spheres of fire  
 Whirling an orbit supreme and grand,  
 Which, but a grain from the infinite,  
 Make music to a master's magic wand.

And that music—the chord of an angel choir  
 Accompanying,—majestic, the prelude sublime,  
 Attuned to the throbs of the human heart,  
 With its joys it is keeping rhythmic time.  
 And that heart is a spark from the starry sky,  
 Divine, in the flush of the glowing morn,  
 For Aurora has lent his golden crown  
 To the tiny babe that is born.

The winds blow soft, and sweetly sigh,  
 Like the harp in Apollo's tuneful hand,  
 And bring the aroma from pastures nigh,  
 And the myrrh from the mystic foreign land,  
 And it whispers a lullaby, crooning and low,  
 While it tells of the worlds it has seen.  
 It lures and beckons, distracts, always,  
 As it hums—its dreamy morpbian pæan.

And it kisses the mother who is sleeping light,  
 And caresses the child that is born;  
 And it soothes the pains of the aching womb,  
 For 'tis bright on this hazy summer's morn.  
 All nature awakens—and dances in joy,  
 The birds and the flowers and flitting bees;

While a molten ray of the golden sun  
Kisses the cradle through the lace-like trees.

An angel bows from the throne of God  
And hovers above that hallowed place,  
While the hours pause as they pass, and gaze  
At the tiny life and the soul of grace.

And the oriole flies to the nearby hedge,  
While the lark tells the wren and the yellow  
thrush,

So they tune their throats with one accord,  
Breaking through the sacred birth-hour hush.  
As the rapturous songs rise to the sky  
And re-echo as the angel lutes respond,  
A smile of joy lights the mother's eye,  
For she dreams of the great and bright beyond.  
Well she knows that the babe at her breast  
Has been blest on that glorious peaceful morn,  
For the peace of holy, happy love  
Glorifies the home where a child is born.

## IN EXCELSIS

The gurgling brook laughs as it glides along,  
 And sounds the bass notes of the titlark's song,  
 And mirrors clear the nodding trees above,  
 As though in all the world there was no wrong.

But soon the titlark's song is hushed in death;  
 The trees are cold and bare in nakedness;  
 The shivering brook has ceased its melody,  
 And, icebound, waits the springtime's kiss.

\*                      \*                      \*

Book of Hope! From out thy holy pages  
 Stream forth the prophecies of countless ages;  
 The loves, the fears, the hopes of new-made man;  
 The balm of wizards and advice of sages!  
 The world was young. With all the youthful fire  
 It filled its days with happy love's desire.  
 All life was fair; the well of youth flowed high;  
 Green was the earth, and blue the sunlit sky.

But soon, alas, the bloody spectre, War,  
 Stalked o'er the land, and heart from heartstrings  
                   tore;  
 And envy crushed into a mangled mass  
 The dream of peace and love that passed before.  
 So in the agony of writhing ages  
 Time brought the Psalms, and Hope the calm-voiced  
                   Sages;  
 And thus from Heaven the golden prophet came  
 Announcing "Peace" here in a Saviour's name.

\*                    \*                    \*

The world is old. Ten million ages gone  
 Since first the sun was fashioned by the Eternal One;  
 And eons before the countless spheres in space,  
 Like mighty wheels, whirled ceaseless cycles on  
 and on.

And from that ultimate of dawning time  
 All mystic forces formed a gem sublime.  
 There in the manger lowly on one wintry morn  
 Creation's Gem, The Prince of Peace, was born.

All sorrow, vice and crime were brushed away,  
 All taints of blood had ceased that golden day,  
 And He, the Brother, Saviour of Mankind,  
 Then blessed the seed, and glorified for aye  
 The valiant prince on proud and gilded throne,  
 The pauper poor who dies in filth alone.  
 And all the wondering world, through heart and  
 core,  
 Shall know that love of God forevermore.

\*                    \*                    \*

Then Ring! Ring! Ring! Ye bells  
 Out, your joyous deep-toned knells!  
 Tell the world your happy story!  
 Ring of Peace on Earth, and Glory!  
     How the rhythm, ringing, wells—  
     Round and round! Their rapture swells!  
 Ring! Ring! Ring! Ye bells!

## THE SUICIDE

Written upon the suicide of an unhappy friend, who had met with continuous defeat in life, but who had really accomplished more than he had thought.

Let bards and sages and philosophers  
Describe the symptoms of love;  
Yet none can tell how act it will,  
Though most profound they prove.

Cupid, rascal, a scheming imp,  
Of cunning mischief untold;  
One will he strike with velvet touch,  
Another in death will fold.

Pure love ennobles one mortal's life,  
Yet blasts another's hope;  
One nature, lingering, purifies,  
Intensity burns to droop.

Let science, psychology, testify  
That Love and Life are Faith,  
But once let Love unfold its wings,—  
Despair oft ends in death.

Then judge ye not too harsh this man  
Who seeks death and the grave,  
'Twere better far his death to seek,  
Than despairing, loveless, to live.

A prayer give ye to rest his soul:  
A tear might now be shed,  
All can not love successfully,  
But all can seek the dead.



## TO KNOW THY GOD

O Soul, Why wander here alone,  
Unceasing seeking toward the light?  
In ages past the seed was sown  
Which sprouts and blossoms day and night.  
The flowers shed their petals soft,  
The wind-blown seeds must sprout again,  
Their fragrance full must rise aloft  
And both must salve the souls of men.  
The Mystic flower springs from the well  
Where Jacob's fount its waters drove,  
And full the cups of the faithful swell  
As from Mount Zion the treasures prove.  
For fount and flower and seed and spring  
From heart of nature finds its way,  
And it from God its treasures bring  
And from Thy God gifts come alway;  
We know it not, nor care we less  
What spreads the green on Aaron's rod,  
But pause, O Soul, thy love confess,  
And then, O Soul, wilt know thy God.

## THE CRIMINAL

The world! The world! The world!  
 Oh, Time! Sad hast thou dealt with us!  
 Fate, where is thy boasted glory?  
 And Night, where is thy vaunted peace?  
 For now does Crime stalk abroad in gore;  
 And purity hides her blushing face in shame;  
 And even Justice gropes blindly in the gloom;  
 For Life is Death; and man is man no more.

But who made that man a beast?  
 You tell me, doctors, from your chairs divine.  
 Come. Speak out, and in Reason's feast  
 Unfold to us groping after higher light,  
 Grovelling through the crime-filled night,  
 Through which the moon will blush to shine,  
 Who crushes the spirit of God's grand form?  
 Who stamps the weak like the slimy worm?  
 Distorts the mind—'twas once sublime—  
 Into the fiend-form of a hideous crime?  
 Who made that man a beast

Who made that man a criminal?  
 You tell me, Host, with your white-starched gown  
 That smells of dregs and alcohol;  
 With diabolical smirking on your brow,  
 And 'friending all with unctious vow.  
 You knew him once ere he became a lown;  
 He was a good man then, nor thought of ill,  
 But lived his life and loved God's will,  
 Nor had an evil manner in his way,  
 Except that he was poor and could not pay.  
 Who made that beggar'd man a criminal?

Who made that man a debauchee?  
 You tell me, Mighty Powers that rule.  
 Did he a wrong? Did honor flee?  
 Or was his sin that he was meek,  
 And had no friend except the weak?  
 Is poverty a crime? And he a fool  
 Who, forced by low-companioned pain,  
 Compelled to leave his dungeon cell again,  
 Goes out to strive against his rankling past,  
 And is hounded by your dogs to deeds aghast?  
 Who drove him to this debauchee?

Who made that man an outcast fiend?  
 Mother you tell the pitiful tale.  
 He loved you once, and Youth to him was kind;  
 Once at your knee he lisped his childish prayer,  
 And you, O Mother, stroked his curling hair  
 From off his feverish brow, with hands cold, pale;  
 And how the ache within your heart would grow  
 As on the squalid hearth would die the glow  
 Of the last hope for aid—'twas then he knew  
 That from the grime of vice few star-flowers grew.  
 Who placed him there? Who made him fiend?

Who gave that boy a criminal name?  
 You, Autocrats, with criminal minds and brain,  
 Did you compel him to this loathing life of shame?  
 Because he was weak, and you were strong;  
 And because the "Law could do no wrong?"  
 You had no heart, could feel no pain!  
 For glory was the gem you sought,  
 E'en though at the price of another 'tis bought;  
 And again and again, without reason or cause,  
 You crush his endeavor and defile our laws!  
 Made you him criminal? Gave him that name?

Who blasted that soul and scarred that mind?  
 Defiled that temple that God hath made?  
 Destroyed that beacon; made him blind;

Eternally damned him in fiendish hate,  
And blotted his name from the Eternal Gate;  
Forced him through slime and gore to wade?  
God made him once like the image of God;  
He was nobler once than the reeking clod;  
He, too, had a right to live and to move;  
He was not a fiend—he could work and love!  
Who blasted that soul and deadened that mind?

Who tore that heart from that human shape?  
He was rich in strength—now he is weak and poor;  
He was sovereign man—now less than the ape;  
Lower than the serpents that crawl in the slime;  
Far-fallen from the paths that were once sublime.  
Who made him carrion, and locked the door  
'Gainst hope in his breast? Aye! Grovel there!  
You ghouls in the guise of rank despair!  
You hound him to death. You made him so,  
You bow to the mighty, but strangle the low.  
Who broke the fountain? Who mangled that  
shape?

## THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE

“All the world is a stage.” Shakespeare.

The protean stage of life surrounds us all,  
Would mortals but their eyes uncase  
And bid the heartless curtains raise,  
Then through the lens of Pity gaze,  
And view the struggling actors from the mall.

The ghastly tragedy of Doom is on.  
There stalks the grim and painted horde;  
There rant the puppets on the board;  
Thus some in rags and some with sword.  
(The merry prompter's box and lines are gone.)

Here on the right you view the shifting scene  
In Cora's meadow—lover-wise—  
And eyes which glow with fondest joys,  
And sparkle bright with virgin sighs,  
Are met by Ades, borne to haunts obscene.

And here is stirred in depths of trembling hope  
A mother's heart. Oh vision bright!  
A cherub's face; a spark of light;  
'Twas wafted from thy Godhead's sight,  
But soon, alas, in grief is left to mope.

Again appears a strong, stern master face  
Upon this troublous stage of Fate;  
Is lauded high; but mocked by State;  
A King of Heaven! An advocate!  
Then crucified in thankless rank disgrace.

Ambitious rainbowed hopes, elysian joys,  
Enlivened walk and smiling eyes,  
And happy visions, dreams, and sighs;  
Deep glowing hopes of girls and boys,—  
All stifled by some lurking monster's cries.

Fond Gaia, with her temples white with years;  
Brave children near, and home and love;  
A smile of peace, she looks above.  
For through her life all lives are wove.  
Her prologue act is done; shed pearls for tears.

Now from the shadowed wings there skulking  
glides  
The spectre form, both rank and vile;  
The demon shape with festering guile;  
A loathsome monster, in sin senile,  
He comes from Hell, for he, like Eros, bides.

And there in wake, a trembling aping form,  
Both halting slow, yet vainly proud,  
With boisterous song and boastings loud,  
Lest whispering conscience may intrude,  
Behold a weak, debauched, and groveling worm.

That form, all reeked and flecked by enticing fiend,  
All smirched and blackened by the fire,  
Polluted by his base desire,  
Wallowing low in festering mire,  
Was once the fondest hope of home and friend.

And there,—but alas, ring down the curtain roll;  
Blot out the hideous, loathsome cast;  
For Thalia glides quick fleeting past,  
And Melpomene brings up the last  
With jangling dirge and shivering bells that toll.



Dear God! 'Tis Thou alone can'st prompter be!  
'Tis well that thou hast hidden all!  
For we but human, made to fall,  
And then to rise full at thy call,  
Must lean our weakling ways and wills on Thee.

Life's spark was struck for but a passing day,  
And oft to Love each soul is cold,  
Each heart a secret grief doth fold,  
Each suffering mind has pain untold,  
And every life its hidden tragedy.



## SOLILOQUY

Transcribed from the mutterings of a pessimist who was about to commit suicide, but who was prevented by the author from accomplishing this end.

My life is dark and dreary,  
 No light is shining to cheer,  
 Of hope I have grown weary,  
 Of death I have no fear.  
 All ambitions have miscarried,  
 All desires are rent in twain,  
 Success is nought but to be worried  
 With trials that return again.  
 Though striving to attain my desire,  
 Though praying and working hard,  
 Though attempting to learn and climb higher,  
 I've had coldness for my reward.  
 I have tried to lift up the lowly,  
 Aye, and striven to help the poor;  
 But oft have I stopped to question:  
 My Nature demanded more.  
 If planning and working and praying  
 Will give a success in life,  
 Mine ought surely be waiting  
 To give me some hope in the strife,  
 But not a glimpse of bright dawning  
 Has shed its radiance around;  
 No God has deigned to assist me,  
 No sympathy for me doth abound.  
 "Every man for himself" is the byword,  
 "Devil take the last" is the sound  
 Which seems to engross the people,  
 And they sneer as they glance around.  
 E'en God seems to have me forgotten,—

Or really is there such a being  
Of great and omnipotent power,  
Who takes us poor mortals when dying?—  
If so, then here is a victim  
Of the coldness of this cruel, cold world;  
For I seek death rather than perish  
A Pre-Adamite on blind mortal hurled.  
If there be a Heaven Eternal,  
If there sits a great God on high,  
Then take Thou my soul, O Thou Great One,  
For I but long to die.  
What is man's sad lot here while living?  
Weary waiting and strife and pain;  
Three-score years of much trouble,  
And returning to dust again.  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was said of us creatures here below,  
And when our life work is finished,  
Puff! to oblivion we go.  
Perchance it meant not the spirit,  
Mayhap not said of the Soul,  
But what is that indefinite quantity?  
Will we know when we reach the goal?  
Why must we work for one moment?  
—And life but one moment is,  
Grasped or stolen from Eternity,  
And forgotten by Him that arose.—  
But has there a Saviour arisen?  
Oh questions, ye must arise!  
Where is the end of Eternity?  
What lies beyond the skies?  
A mystery is life and living!  
Yes, I am weary of all!  
If now there be a Great Master,  
I am weary and await his call.  
Pain did I give up on entering,  
Destruction of life to exist;  
But no pain will I awake on departing—  
Then take me, Ye Heavenly Blest!

## THE PAST

Those gladsome, happy days of yore  
With thoughtless joys, return no more,  
But in our thoughts sweet memories lie,  
We recall the past, and dream, and sigh,  
A smile then curls our whispering lip  
As some quaint fancy our memories stir;  
A frown, or tear from lashes drip,  
As wrong or sorrow returns once more,  
And as the longing and desire  
Of happy love-days cross our mind  
We tenderly breathe a soul-sent prayer,  
"To her, Oh Father, be thou kind."  
Then to this age perforce we're brought,  
And of the future fond we think.  
Oh happy past! Thy hopes have taught  
Full many a lesson! Now at the brink  
We await Eternity.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX

Upon an ancient slip of papyrus, recently exhumed in the excavations of Egyptian tombs, was found a short description of what purported to be the legend which surrounds the building of the Egyptian Sphinx and the uses for which it was designed. The story mainly involves the beautiful daughter of one of the rulers of Egypt in the ancient days, who for some misdemeanor was condemned by her father to be buried alive in a large tomb, and remain there until a man many centuries hence should procure a mythical ring and bring it to the Sphinx, whereupon he would have access to the tomb of the Goddess, as she was called, and reawaken her to life.

Long has it stood weathering the storms,  
Never flinching, never craving for rest:  
Its foundation is buried by the fine red sands,  
But still it stands silently, a monument blest.  
'Tis told by sages, by bards and in legends  
That a secret it guards, it will never unfold;  
Its face is set rigid; its eyes gaze far  
Out o'er the desert. It has never told  
To man its secret.

Its osseous eyes have a faraway look,  
Gazing far out over mortal man's head,  
As though never stooping to pygmy conversation,  
Lest to tell its great secret perchance it be led.  
Upon its cold face are chiseled the lines  
Of wisdom, of thought, of power and grace;  
It has a determined God-like appearance,  
Which man could well copy did he have a place  
In keeping a secret.

Who will guess the secret? What does it mean?  
Does that enormous mound of modeled stone

Hide the grave of an Egyptian king?  
Lies a princess here buried, a saint entombed?  
Is this the great hallowed sepulchre  
Of the goddess who was doomed  
To be buried alive or mummified,  
And ne'er to see the light till ages have died  
And been hurried past on its incessant  
string,  
Till centuries have come, and with it the ring  
Which will resurrect the goddess,  
Reawake her to life?  
Who is the successful one in the strife  
To guess the secret?

Nay! The Sphinx never grows weary!  
It guards its secret well.  
Somber it stands, nor is it so easy  
Its secret to tell.  
Then find out its secret, you antiquarians  
who delve,  
It's a puzzle, a mystery.  
All think. Who will solve  
The secret?

The enigma is old, but yet ever new,  
As the Sphinx alone has refused to do  
What all other works of ancient art  
Have long since been compelled to impart,—  
To man its secret.

## THE COSMIC URGE

Nebulous and inchoate  
 Mystic, misty, insensate,  
 Unformed and vast, intangible,  
 That fills all void to endless space—  
 Was here before the world began,  
 Was here before the stars above  
 First 'gan their endless journeyings,  
 And e'en was e'er the portals of endless time  
 Oped up the aureoreal paths of eternity  
 To let the first shy throb of pulsing cloud  
 Attain its faintest shimmer of dawning form!  
 Call it the Spirit, God, or Jove,  
 Fill it with mysterious powers,  
 Assign all attributes above,  
 The guide, the guard thru all the hours,  
 Progenitor of time and space,  
 Forefathers of our very race,—  
 Yet back, far back to the first moment's surge,  
 We find, we feel  
     The Cosmic Urge.

Instinct of Creation, the power to do,  
 Reflex, intuitive, the Ultimate Will;  
 The secret of life, to live, to grow,  
 The vaunted lust, desire to kill,  
 Electric, magic, bromide, heat,  
 Combustion, force, and psychic's threat;  
 All forms of growth, from low to high,  
 From atom ultimate to lower form  
 Of amoebic life, thru and nigh  
 To higher ways of cosmic hope,  
 Power, pressure, potency,—  
 Acme of vibratory efficiency,—



256 STARDUST AND DANDELIONS

Omnipotent Will with mortals merge,—  
All are but forms of  
    The Cosmic Urge.

What builds the petrified music of the seer?  
The angel-hymns of the architect?  
Aye, what plants the spark of Eternal Fire  
Upon that vast and gigantic Milky Way,  
And makes the myriad monster spheres spin and whirl  
On their endless path so ceaselessly?  
What force uprears the wondrous mountains gigantic  
And flows the restless seas from shore to shore,  
Builds the land, the shifting sand,  
And erects the rocky temples to wild nature's god?  
What visions the wonder of our modern Aladdin,  
The dazzling sight of the morn of youth,  
The urge of the worm to ape the man,—  
The paupers to become the king?  
Ah, define all things, but man, thou fool, remember,  
There is ever a dynamic quickening  
Of the protoplasmic dust into the procreative unit,  
Amalgamating all with the subliminal  
Essence of Life,—  
    The Cosmic Urge.

Comb the Universe for living words to express  
The faintly subtle breath of meaning,  
And brush the comet's tail on the celestial seas of space  
For phrases, idioms, thoughts and gradations  
Of abstruse explanations which when boiled  
And purged and pressed and condensed  
By Hydraulic and Herculean pressure  
To their penultimate will in deep  
And Divine Condensation exactly defined  
What all theologies, all religions,  
All ethics, philosophies, theorems,  
Yogis and other mysterious and mystic  
Promulgations from out of the brain  
Of man mean, when they try to explain



Youth perpetual, perennial renewal,  
 The Living God, Immortal Life, and all  
 The Occult storms of Higher Thought,—  
 'Tis all one-thoughted and expressed by the words—  
 The pregnant words,—  
     The Cosmic Urge.

The oribund acorn placed within the ground,  
 A sepulchre of buried sodden hopes,  
 And soon anew the queries deep propound—  
 "Shall rise the dead, and only gropes the soul  
 For light above and newer life when dead  
 And rotted cruel, and fed upon by that  
 Minute small germ within itself contained?  
 Is that the mystic cycle ultimate?"  
 The Urge within that tiny cannibal grain  
 That caused it to awake and stretch and come  
 From out of its unhallowed dreamless lethargy  
 And send its searching tender roots  
 Deep in the parent breast to feed and feed  
 Upon its mother, dead and rotting there,  
 Only to gather strength to thrust its head  
 Above the fallow ground and rise in joy,  
 Majestic and noble, t'ward the sun and skies,  
 And in the span of quickly passing years  
 Expand a shelter to the farer of the way  
 As he plods his hopeless weary path along;  
 That Power, the irresistible essence of Life  
 Is called by Name,  
     The Cosmic Urge.

What urge find we within the passionate male  
 When Spring its flushing green the branches tinge,  
 To seek a mate—a mate yet shy, yet bold,  
 And equal passionate, send in ecstasy,  
 An endless chain of life and life and life again?  
 Instinct of primogeniture! Alas  
 The cavilling ornithologist with scant  
 And scurrilous audacity would preach

The cyclic growth of insensate will.  
 Call it but what you may, 'tis there, 'tis here,  
 'Tis but the Cosmic Urge within the blood,  
 The drop of High Divinity that comes  
 We know not whence, nor how, nor where,  
 That all things have, that moves all time,  
 And space, and things throughout all space,  
 And fills each every atom, ion, drop,—  
 All the vastnesses of time—Eternity.  
 It is

The Cosmic Urge.

We all have dimly seen and marvelled at  
 The pragmatic mystery of a Soul groping  
 On its faltering way to higher things:—  
 Commodity—Beauty—Art and Commerce,—  
 Literature and the frenzied mind  
 Of the wild-eyed Poet in the zenith  
 Of his power—Surge of Procreation,  
 Supernatant activities of impowered mankind,—  
 Superfluitant dream of the allseeing idealist  
 Vaulting into the mystic, unknown,  
 Vast spaces of paths untrodden,—  
 Scientist, Biologist, Psychist, Savant,  
 Searching the micrococci of Ultimate Truth,  
 All—all—are but the impulse apparent  
 Of the inherent God—

The Cosmic Urge.

The Harmony of the Soul awakes in ecstasy,  
 And Music of the silent flying spheres  
 May thrill and thrall the optimistic mental reach;  
 The poison worm may spin its silk cocoon,  
 And lo, a shy but gorgeous butterfly  
 Emerges, to bask and flit and flutter high,  
 And flashes in the warm soft sun  
 A day, a night—to sip the honeyed nectar  
 From the chalice of the Blushing Rose.  
 It knows not why, nor cares,

It soon must die—but on its own spark  
 Of life is sent down the distant ages,  
 The urge to procreate—to live again;  
 All the vibratory Life, the latent Power,  
 The Galvanic Energy, the drive, the tower,  
 The Propulsive Essence of the Universe,  
 The Bite of Ambition, Desire of Advancement—  
 It is

The Cosmic Urge.

Eternally productive is nature,  
 Eternally and perpetually and ever  
 Its mandate goes forth—to live again  
 And never die. That is why  
 I created thee and all Adams.  
 There is no true inertia.  
 The power of multiple-existing being  
 Never had a beginning ultimate.  
 It Was before the first moment of time began,  
 It Is, and ever shall be.  
 It was here, there, and everywhere,  
 In the dark places as well as the light,  
 And thru and thru the uttermost paths  
 Of wide and limitless space,  
 Lo, we find it there also.  
 The Hebrew and Religionist  
 Bow low in humility and strike their breasts  
 And pray an abject prayer and call  
 It Diety, God, Jehovah, Elohim,  
 While each sect and separate theology  
 Gives it a name which has its fear  
 To conjure with. But sum it all,  
 Take the subtle shades of meaning  
 From the hollow words of each, and we find  
 That all alike are Unity—all but express,  
 The thought we place in terrible words,  
 It is

The Cosmic Urge.

Take the magic microscope and seek  
 The smallest spot of nothingness, and  
 Lo, discover that Life is still extant;  
 The vibration of Eternal Power  
 Is there, and even in the miscalled  
 Senseless things, the rock, the clod, the drop  
 Of insensate slime, and less, the ion of small  
 And smallest subdivision of matter,—  
 So small that even the all-seeing eye  
 Of the Pagan or Christian God,  
 The Thor or Jove of the Ancients,  
 Budda, Nuk-pu-Puk, or the great I Am  
 Of all the tribes and nations  
 Since reason sat on the shoulders of man,  
 May not even know that it is hidden there,  
 And yet within that electron of ultimate vibration  
 There will we find the source of things;  
 It has the Urge, the thrill to be,—  
 All have their life, their power, vibration,  
 A part of things,  
     The Cosmic Urge.

The servant of man and all am I,  
 And yet the secret master,  
 For I prod to live but not to die,—  
 Ignore me—and seek disaster.  
 The uttermost space of Heaven I own,  
 The deepest spot in Hell,  
 Nor smile, nor tear, nor plea, nor moan,  
 Can halt the impulse of my spell.  
 I drive, I prod with ceaseless force,  
 And blood and sap flows stronger,  
 And he obeys who skims the course,  
 And lives by me the longer.  
 For I am I, the Power Divine,  
 The essence deep, the kinetic surge,  
 And if thy life is merged in mine,  
 Thou livest, Man, for I—  
 I am

    The Cosmic Urge!

## THE DOOM

A HOAX IN THE MANNER OF POE'S RAVEN

This poem was written as a hoax to mislead a loud-voiced critic. The intent was to achieve Poe's rhyme and meter. It accomplished its purpose.

## ARGUMENT

Long ago, so the legend runs, in Scotland, the only scion of a noble family, squandering his patrimony, sought relief and release from the contempt of the world by secluding himself in one of his ancient castles. With him he had his amour-ette, a most beautiful young maiden, whom he had picked up in sunny Italy, and whom he loved with an intense and deep passion. However, he had never done her the honor nor favor of making her his wife, and so taking ill she sadly died, dishonored.

When it was too late, the young nobleman realized his great wrong, and at her bier was so overcome with remorse that he became violently insane for the time. From that time on, he refused to allow the bier to be removed, but vainly sought surcease from his sorrow by mourning over her.

And it is said that forever will he live, vainly mourning and repining over the beloved bier of his wronged mistress. The castle lies in ruins now, the casket is rotted and crumbled into dust, and it is whispered that but a shadow remains of the aged man who can never die. But the older people still claim to see his spirit form hovering, vainly hovering and regretting, there over the passing of lost opportunities, opportunities which, once passed, never come again.

Time agone while listless dreaming in my castle,  
     hardly seeming  
 Conscious of the fitful gleaming of the candle in  
     my room,—  
 Listing not the spluttering flutter of the candle in  
     my room,—  
 Dreaming dreams of lingering longing, seeing shadows  
     in the gloom,  
 Suddenly I heard the patter  
     Of a footstep, then the clatter,



Clatter of some ghostly matter  
 On the loam without my room,—then at the terrace  
     Near my room.  
 Idly thought I, and did mutter, “Oh, ’tis nothing  
     but the shutter  
 Making idle noise and flutter  
     In the gloom.”

Dreaming here of lost ambitions, thinking thoughts  
     of waning missions,  
 Fondling hopes of staid conditions which were pent  
     up in my heart,  
 Conjuring now gleaming visions of ideals  
     deep in my heart,  
 Mourning sadly for Wanita—deep regrets to me impart;  
 Then again I heard the tapping,  
     Then the patter, then the rapping,  
     Rapping of a body flapping  
 ’Gainst the lattice of my room—making noises  
     in the gloom.  
 Not aroused yet from my napping I conflict the sounding  
     —tapping,  
 With the shutters idle flapping  
     In the gloom.

Drowsily was I there thinking of the circles which  
     were linking  
 Souls departed to the shrinking lower toils of  
     Hades’ shore,—  
 Thinking of Algheries’ circles,—morbid view of  
     Adies’ shore,  
 And my mind was filled with visions,—visions  
     of black Dante’s lore,  
 When within my fancy stealing  
     Came a dread, a ghastly feeling,  
     Like the shudder when the pealing  
 Of a bell tolls through the gloom,—Like the knell  
     of Stygian doom,

Then there stole to fancies napping,—gently, softly  
    came that tapping,  
Tapping, tapping, and the rapping  
    In the gloom.

Softly in my dream 'twas stealing, mingling,  
    tingling with the pealing  
Of that bell; in thought revealing all the agony  
    of my soul.  
In my dream I heard a knell which brewed  
    a warning to my soul.  
Ghastly visions, soft from Hell upon my  
    dreamland fancy stole.  
Pondering thus, yet was not sleeping,  
    For my heart was filled with weeping,  
    Weeping, for my soul was keeping  
Longings deep from Nita's tomb,—My heart would  
    sink in Nita's tomb;  
And the flicker of the candle cast weird shadows,—  
    and the smell  
Of the champak from the dell  
    Breathed of gloom.

Ah,—'twas summer's breeding time, when all sweet  
    flowers, fragrant climb  
In radiant blossoms, and the thyme and odors,  
    graceful and perfume  
Awake dead romances, and sorrows of dead longings  
    fill the gloom;  
When the mind is stirred to weeping by the  
    fragrance in the room;  
When jasmine buds remorse awakes,  
    A troubled brain from musk betakes,  
    The odor of frankincense speaks  
Of dark mystery and gloom,—the pung-sweet aloe  
    breathes of doom,—  
There through the dark I longed the morrow; At  
    Nita's couch I strove to borrow



Life for her and hope from sorrow  
And the gloom.

Low my loved one lay and dying. Here I watched  
and prayed, and sighing  
For life's hope, to me denying, vainly longed gross  
Death to thwart;  
O, how pale and sweet was lying—"Love, My Love,  
We can not part!"  
There I dreamed—to still the deep unsatisfied  
longings in my heart;  
While without a storm came dashing,—  
Thunders rolled and fiercely crashing,  
Lightnings spring and jagged flashing  
Stir Heaven's tears, the vault illumed, tears for  
Nita and her doom.  
Lo, the sultry atmosphere bestirred my heart, aroused  
in fear.  
I dreamed and voiceless whispers hear—  
"Now thy doom."

Half awakened then I ponder, "What alchemy  
roused by thunder  
Could such hideous noises conjure, here comes brooding  
in my room?"  
Now my heart is filled with terror, imagining faces  
in the gloom.  
Oh, the gloom, the gloom, the fearful gloom; black,  
black and scoriac in my room!  
Deep in my heart it now was sinking,  
While there I sat, half-dreaming—thinking,  
Thinking of my love and linking  
Past regrets of love and home—I hoped for love beyond  
the tomb.  
Behold again the ghastly noise, above the thunder's  
howl did rise,  
Upon my heart it quaking lies,  
Voice from the tomb.

I trembling glanced at Nita's face and whispered,  
 "Ah, 'twas Nita's voice,  
 Which, echoing soft, did now arise in lingering cadence  
 through the gloom.  
 She begged for water or for nectar;—Sweet Love—thy  
 whisper in the gloom."  
 While kissed upon her slender form the flickering candle  
 shadows lume,  
 But her sweet lips were closed in silence,  
 Damp her brow,—her earthly romance  
 Closing now. The air grew dense  
 As filled by incense from the gloom. A formless  
 censer in the room.  
 I gazed about in blank despair, and sought for forms  
 high in the air,  
 Illumed by lightning's vicious glare  
 Which spoke of doom.

The heavy curtains fitful swaying roused a fear, my  
 heart dismaying;  
 Every wierdsome sound betraying unseemly visitors  
 prowling near.  
 Then softly, softly, stepped I, walked I, to the door  
 in quaking fear,  
 Hoping, fearing 'gainst all hope that 'twas but  
 'maginings of despair.  
 Cautiously, I oped the door  
 And peered without—the gloom t'explore,  
*When, fiends beheld I on the floor!*  
*A leering face press through the gloom!—push through*  
*the crack into my room!*  
 I gasped in terror at the sight, and pressed the door  
 in frantic fright,—  
 Rank, loathsome faces in the night  
 Hid by the gloom.

"Ye Heavens!" cried I in agony, "The fiends! The  
 fiends from Tartary!  
 What means this loathsome augury,—these fiends,

these imps at this wan hour?  
 Why mock my sorrow and reverie, my dying love  
 at this wan hour?  
 How dare they come, unsought, unbid, and force  
 themselves in Nita's bower?"  
 In frantic dread I pressed the door,  
 But at the windows,—through the floor  
 They glide, they press and filtering, pour,  
 A ghastly stream of mist and gloom, assuming form  
 within my room!  
 By fright I clung then to the door, but lo—  
 it cleft, and fiends of yore  
 Thrust me avault and screeching roar,  
 "Now thy doom!"

Then a mass of ghastly gloom came rushing in my  
 ancient room:  
 Howling demons, fiendish visions, racked and  
 broken, Satan sore!  
 Miserable visions, horrible visions—racked and  
 broken,—Satan sore!  
 Troups of ghouls, and putrid spirits fresh from  
 Tartary cross my floor;  
 Hideous corpses with lolling faces,  
 Stink and rot,—yet noisome voices  
 Raised in shrieking loud rejoices,  
 Desecrate my 'witchéd room—howl and crawl within  
 my room,  
 Calling forth this gruesome warning in a voice of  
 rage and scorning—  
 (In my heart deep it was burning)  
 "Now thy doom!"

Startled thus I stood and staring,  
 moving never, breathless peering,  
 "Why this ghastly mass of jeering spirits,  
 furious,—Hell's delight?  
 Hideous spirits, ugly spirits, frightful, devilish—

Hell's delight!  
 Why such loathsome midnight visitors forced  
     unbidden on my sight?"  
 Stood I trembling now in horror,  
     Knowing not but 'twas my hour,  
     And enwrapped in Satan's power  
 Here entrapped within my room—with his demons,  
     in my room,—  
 Howling forth their direful warning, while the words  
     were in me burning  
 Surging forth and hot returning,  
     "Now thy doom!"

Circling 'bout in rank confusion, screeching yet  
     their wroth contusion,  
 Soon they sink unbidden on all space within  
     my room;  
 Making hell-hole, taint and corrupt, all the space  
     within my room;  
 Polluting all,—my couch and table, scrolls, and  
     memories all entomb;  
 While the fulsome sulphur smell  
     In bluish haze direct from Hell  
     Upon the uncouth visitants fell  
 Enwrapping all in Pluto's gloom,—within my heart  
     lies Pluto's gloom,—  
 Entwines the words of dread despair in circling  
     columns through the air,—  
 Lit by the lightning's fitful glare,  
     "Now thy doom!"

Stopping then the furious beating of my heart  
     then in me eating  
 Core of strength, and fiercely heating mind and  
     soul in brooding fear,—  
 Sapping all my strength and mind in hopeless,  
     frenzied brooding fear,—  
 Thus I spake with trembling shake to Pluto's  
     form now standing near,—

"Sire, thy pardon I implore,  
     If here thy presence I endure,  
     Pray thy business now outpour?  
 Whence away, and why you come, with all thy  
     demons in my room?  
 Speak! O, ruling fiend of Hades! Why this awful  
     throng of shades?"  
 Then the gloomy answer made is—  
     "Now thy doom!"

Startled thus I stood and staring, never moving,  
     breathless peering,  
 'Till I thought my numb'd hearing played me false  
     as had my sight,—  
 Both my mind and o'erwrought hearing played me  
     false as had my sight,  
 Now I doubted—words I scouted as false visions  
     of my fright.  
 Still the gruesome, shrieking, howling,  
     Of the shades, who now were growling  
     And like base monsters restless prowling,  
 Gritting teeth and casting spume in restless tramping  
     round my room,  
 To the thunders which yet crashing, and without the  
     glare yet flashing,  
 Echoing the fiendish gnashing,—  
     "Now thy doom!"

Soon the noise became oppressing, to my heart and  
     mind depressing,  
 So with fear I turn, expressing quaking doubts at  
     this intrusion.  
 Trembling now I stand repeating quaking doubts  
     at this intrusion,  
 Implore of Pluto in words of anguish—"O, dispel  
     this loud confusion."  
 At a beck and wave of arm,  
     Now every shade and hideous form  
     With ghostly grins around me swarm,



Breathe their rank and stinking fume from out their  
 throats into my room,  
 Lolling, grinning, ghastly staring, with one  
 shout—then closely leering  
 Sudden silence greets my hearing—  
 Like the tomb.

'Gainst the wall then breathless standing, wisting not  
 what this portending,  
 Silence broke I by demanding once again of Pluto  
 there.

Spoke I now with fear and trembling once again  
 to Pluto there,  
 While the wind howled at my lattice, filled my  
 heart with dread despair.

“Sire” said I with a quaver,  
 “Though in Hell I’m no believer,  
 Yet, perchance, King of Death’s river,  
 For some quest to me, you come. Mayhap, you  
 journey from Hell’s gloom  
 To bear my Nita to your fell. But listen, she ne’er  
 goes to Hell.”

Then the answer, with a yell—  
 “Now *thy* doom!”

Once again the brooding silence stills the specters  
 howling violence,  
 And I look with quick beguillance at the forms low  
 leering there,  
 Knowing not what hellish meaning brooks the forms  
 low leering there.  
 Seized with lurking dread and fear, then bending low  
 in mute despair,

“Sire, now thy pleasure,” cried I  
 “For thy might I’d not deny,  
 If perchance now I must die,  
 Pray—before I’m wrapped in gloom—avenging  
 Fiend—O ere my doom  
 Wafts me away from earthly day, one moment spare—

O spare to me,  
That I a wrong may rectify,  
Before my doom."

Low on my knees I bent imploring, while without  
the storm was roaring,  
And, within,—my fate deploring,—here I beg for  
Pluto's grace.  
For fair Nita would I live, so now I beg for Pluto's  
grace;  
Aye, to live for her alone and now to protect her from  
disgrace.  
Not a move or motion made he,  
Not a single whisper said he,  
But with gruesome stare he eyed me,  
Till my reason fought with gloom—all my mind  
was filled with gloom,  
Then these words of terror heard I, "Mortal for thy  
sins ye die,—  
Death alone can satisfy.  
Await thy doom!"

"No, no, O, reigning King of Evil, be thou monster,  
fiend or devil,  
Bringing misery, death or trouble, yet a moment I  
implore!  
Thy name, O, tell me; and companions! Fiend! the  
reason I implore!—  
Why would'st tear me from Wanita, whom the  
fairies e'en adore?"  
Slowly fierce the answer came.  
"Hear me, Mortal! Know my name! Memories,  
Memories, grief and shame!  
All thy sins new form assume; all thy failures,  
in this gloom;  
All ambitions lost are nigh; all thy passions now  
espy,  
And Nita's sin, O soul, am I  
To fill thy doom!"



Guilty now my mind is thronging with wild thoughts  
     of misspent longing,  
 Here with hopes of life prolonging list I now to  
     judgment word,  
 Through my memory now is thronging long-forgotten  
     lust endured,  
 Sin and passion, hope and longing—Fair Wanita's  
     love I lured.  
 "Oh, loved sin, of love most dear,  
     Wanita's grail, dost thou appear?  
     Then of this hoard I have no fear!  
 For on thy grave my love would bloom; in thoughts of  
     thee I know no gloom.  
 Ah, welcome then—for sad her lot, my mistress once  
     yet near forgot,  
 E'en when laid low in Nature's grot,  
     An echo's doom."

"Aye, rash deceiver, she lay dying, while thou for  
     lustful pleasures sighing  
 Refused love's hope, e'en grace denying, thy troth in  
     bonds didst never tie.  
 Didst never wed thy loved one, Nita, nor lover's  
     bond didst ever tie.  
 Now, for thy faithlessness to pure one,—aye, for  
     baser sins now *die!*"  
 With a fiendish shriek dismaying,  
     All the shades around me swaying  
     In grinning circles, there arraying,  
 Gibbering, howling round my room, clamoring, calling  
     for my doom;  
 While I in breathless agony, preferred my death than  
     memory,—  
 Merciful Father! I longed to fly  
     To my doom.

"Away, away, ambition's Fiend! Regretful longings  
     get thee behind!

Remorse and shame, O, be thou kind, and misspent  
 Hours appear no more!  
 Idle thoughts and lustful passions, vain desires  
 I'd know no more!  
 Of Lethe I'll drink, of Nita think and slowly sink  
 to Aides' shore!"

Upon my bended knees then praying,  
 Oblivion's stream would I be spraying,  
 Regretful memories allaying,  
 Fain would I now to death succumb, and  
 sacrifice Greek hecatomb—  
 Could I with Nita fair but roam; upon her bosom  
 make my home,  
 And ever loving, through her tomb,  
 Seek my doom.

Then cried the reigning Fiend from Hell, "If this  
 thy plea, then all be well.  
 From now to hence until the knell of God's eternal  
 judgment day,  
 Until thy flaming mind shall burn thy sorrow's  
 sin on judgment day,  
 Shall vain regrets and memories bestrew thy path  
 eternally.

These shades, thy sins, shall follow thee;  
 Nor e'er forget, nor fancy free,  
 Nor longing washed from memory.  
 This, mortal, then shall be thy doom, we thy  
 companions in thy room,  
 No vain regrets shall shape thy course,  
 Nor thoughts of Nita with remorse,  
 Nor tears of sorrow ease the force  
 Of thy doom!"

In furious glee they loll around, these ghastly  
 ghosts from underground,  
 Demonic cries, then loud resound, as gleefully my  
 room they're wronging,  
 And past regrets and vain repining surge through  
 my room—my memory thronging.

My heart is filled with vain repining—repining  
    hope—Wanita's longing.  
And still those spectre forms are sitting,  
    Sitting, flitting, still emitting  
    Shrieks and groans,—alas, the beating  
Of the rain 'gainst Nita's tomb echoes dismal  
    through all my room,  
Calling forth this gruesome warning (but now I  
    love these sounds with yearning),  
From darkest night until grey morning—  
    “This thy doom!”

## GRADUATION ODE

A rhymed address to the college class of 1901.

Sluggish this pen, and dull this mind,  
To carve such words of burning, livid fire  
As rouse the over-anxious, eager soul  
Of ardent youth, from languorous earth's desire,  
And lead this broadening life from high to higher,  
Until all baser dross is cast behind,  
Like misspent longings faintly brushed away  
For brighter thoughts of Nature's holier day,  
In noble God-wrapt striving for the goal.

Life is doing. The golden hours are crowding past,  
Each with its diamond moment in its train;  
Nor fate, nor prayer, nor man, nor God,  
Can halt the throng, or call them back again.  
A wrong is done, 'tis done for aye,  
Nor bitter wailings, tears, nor vain regrets  
Can stop the pain that stings full deep and fast  
Until the dawning of the everlasting day.  
No deed is lost. The past is dead,  
And mouldering in the grave of long-forgotten years;  
But yet, like mural monuments up-built high,  
Or like the granite needle—pointing towards the sky  
For thousand years in ancient Thothmes' land,  
And then transported far to unknown climes  
On living ships, and set with alien kind—  
Still biding its mission to the modern mind,  
So thoughts will live, and lingering in the night,  
Point other struggling thinkers towards the light.

And what if dismal gloom o'ershadow all?  
The home is lost; a voice is gone;  
A song is stilled upon a loved one's lips,  
Or heart can joy no more in golden dawn,  
For from the sombre bier you lift the pall,  
And press an aching cheek against a marble face?  
A heart is numb; and oh! the dreary, desolate void  
That follows as you grieve from place to place  
Unsoothed, un comforted, alone: a sad  
And melancholy exile from the sound of joy:—  
While all around you, wealth of life expands  
And Nature spreads her silver threads abroad  
To ravish e'en the poorest outcast slave  
And make him better, then, to bear his load?  
Those joyous trills of liquid music swell  
Not from yon tiny throats to mock your loss;  
Nor beats the golden sun with fervid ray  
Upon your low thatched roof, ruthless to wave  
A brighter glory o'er your head, and cause the gloom  
To pall more dark and sombre in your room;  
But rather, with the love of nature full,  
To warm the chilled heart into new power;  
To brighten every sad and sobbing hour,  
And fill the soul with tender music, sweet and low,  
That e'en gray dolour takes a soft ethereal glow  
Which makes you nobler, purer, and content  
To bear the sorrows which are heaven-sent.

I cannot but be saddened at the thought  
Of coming age—the death of hope. The deep  
And awful longings that arise  
Within my breast, and bear me to the skies  
Of great desire and high ambition—bought  
By the hard endeavor, toiling while the sleep  
Of lust and sordid fear hangs on the brow  
Of cowering kern—shall all soon end  
In dust. The grovelling clod with grime o'erwrought  
Shall drop his hoe and sink again into the clod;  
The flowers shall scent the woodland air, and die,

And e'en the mighty oaks spread out their arms  
That stayed the storms of centuries,  
And moulder low again into the green,  
Soft sward, like fading lights across a moving screen.  
Yet shall *man* live! No cringing brute  
Can lift his vision to the vault above  
And know the deity of self. No being  
Can tread the trembling earth with mighty foot,  
And, filléd with the knowledge of the love  
That rules the season's ampler growth,  
Rise above the baser elements of earth,  
Unless it be a soul with deity imbued;  
A higher life with broader, nobler girth  
Than grubbing swine and slimy things that blight;  
E'en though the evil triumph in the night,  
The melting sun of faith will drive away  
The reeking horde; and swords of Day,  
With edges whet by love for truth,  
Will high upraise the bulwark of the throne  
That ne'er shall fall—the throne of soul,  
Of life ennobled by high sacrifice.

Then shall that roaring lion of Albion's lands  
Crawl cowering to his distant gloomy den,  
While o'er and round his bone-bescattered lair  
The skeletons of murdered hopes shall be  
Re-carnated, and rise full-free eternally,  
And e'en yon dastard eagle's vulture flight,  
That strong-winged bird of many notions,  
Shall halt before the wings of coming peace,  
Forget to drown its low-browed children's moan  
With fiercer clangings of its wilder might  
In mock-pretence to guard their unfledged flight,  
And sinking slowly, satiate with war,  
Shall view the child-men reign for evermore.



Truth may e'er be crushed and broken  
By the wiles of mighty wrong;  
Noble deeds full oft are twisted  
Like the gnarles upon the oak,  
And are clothed in blackest visage  
By the envious Norse-fiend, Loke;  
Yet that truth will soon be spoken  
In the hallowed realm of song,  
And that deed at last will quicken  
In the breast of heroes strong.  
Though, if weak the trembling worker,  
Yet with noble aims imbued,  
Still remember: tiny acorn  
Seeds may rise to do great good.  
All great deeds had small beginnings;  
All great men were once mere babes;  
And through fire, or careful winnings  
They attained their treasure-glebes.  
So thou, too, may rise to greatness,  
And by laboring through the night,  
Strike the rusted chains from custom,  
Raise the world to nobler height.  
Ne'er distracted, ne'er despairing,  
Pressing forward toward the goal,  
Fear to do no deed of daring,  
Rather fear to chain the soul.

## II

Youth is hope. Its optimistic breath  
Of visioned centuries disturbs the brows  
That grovel in the dim, archaic gloom  
In vain endeavor to out-skill grim death  
By mystic compounds drawn from Mimer's spring,  
And live a Faust, forgetting that the doom  
Of earth is on the Pater at his vows,  
The saint who shrives the guilty thief,  
The mother tender, with her first-born child,  
And every being thrown from out the womb;



While youth, with glowing eyes of prophecy,  
 O'erturns the dismal past, and in the wild  
 And frantic turmoil grapples with the law  
 That makes the lower mortal more divine,  
 Upbuilding high the cosmos of the soul  
 That never dies. He feels the sudden sting  
 Of dissolution, not the bier of grief  
 Where conqueror worms spread wide the grave's dark  
 jaw,

But, as the dim and echoing past has rolled  
 Its ponderous years into the chaos of a dream,  
 Upraising man unto a high estate,  
 So shall the whirling cycles of the years,  
 Like mighty suns reflecting thrice the gleam  
 Of some mysterious central deity,  
 Again dispel the exiled Adam's tears,  
 Who struggles vainly 'gainst his sterner fate,  
 And lift him up, disrobed of fleshy clay,  
 Into the dazzling glow of heaven's deathless day.  
 Youth knows no bounds, for in his eager mind  
 He flies the pathless sea and leaves all fear behind;  
 Lord of the past, with future undismayed,  
 The very elements bow in fierce and tremulous hate,  
 Yet dare not disobey his calm but stern mandate;  
 While from the hollow skies he tears the clouds,  
 And culls the growling thunders from the air,  
 And with all these, a Jove, he comes arrayed;  
 His life inherits all that life could dare.

Then brave the future with as stern a front  
 As ever rock-ribbed fortress glowered toward the sea.  
 Look not in yon red clouds for guerdon won,  
 Nor dream fantastic glories in thy impassioned brain;  
 For thee thy battle has but now begun,  
 The strife must end in death, or victory.  
 So stand upon the deep and dark abyss  
 One faltering moment, then with calm and pious trust,  
 Launch out to wing the far unfathomed blue,  
 And wield the scimitar bravely for the just;

Plunge into a broad and higher sphere  
A fiercer strife of knowledge then to wage,  
And jeopardize full all that thou holdest dear  
To achieve the nobler purpose of thy age.  
Ope thou the tomes of life and read the page  
That spreads its mystic signs before thy eye,  
Like hieroglyphics from that mystic, ancient race  
Long-dimmed by time, who knew of things we fear,  
For there, inscribed in symbols half divine,  
Yet half of earth and therefore incomplete,  
Are writ the deeds of heroes of all time—  
Though some bold Hectors are to fame delete,  
And wrinkled Echoes in the corridors of fame  
Have long forgotten many a Plato's name.

Ponder well these musty, age-dimmed tomes,  
And note that he is not the greatest lord  
Who carves his brothers with his screaming sword,  
But he who with eternal faith sublime  
Will live unknown, except by deed and word  
To rouse the unborn to the true ideal  
Of noble truth and blessed manhood's prod.  
Let Alexander break his murderous blade,  
And to his books a peaceful savant go;  
And let the tired, o'er worked, plodding jade  
Lift high his eyes to heaven, that he may grow  
Full fleet like Him on whom the storm  
From out foul Judas' guilty Temples blow,  
And be a man—a brother to his God.

The world sweeps on, and progress is the sound  
That raises heaven-wrought temples from the ground.  
Mighty questions must be solved;  
Doughty deeds must yet be done;  
Empires builded; thoughts expounded;  
Glorious victories to be won.  
New occasions bring new masters;  
Leaders rise from out the throng,  
Like the Davids of disasters,

Created by the breath of song.  
Only he who is preparéd  
Can become the peoples' king;  
Of him alone who has bestirré  
Will the future centuries sing.  
Grasp the scepter ere it pass thee  
Like a bridegroom in the night;  
Ever watchful stand, and fearless  
Strike for freedom and for right.  
We have great men all around us,  
Though the times are not so pall  
As to dim the lesser actors, and  
Cast their shadows on the wall.

Be prepared for each new moment,  
That it sees thy task well done;  
Let the next ne'er find thee idle;  
Let it see a new begun.  
So through life with steady plodding  
Let thy peace be on thy brow;  
Let no evil cross thy labor  
But the highest be thy vow;  
Till at last thy lagging footsteps  
Halt beneath the low thatched roof;  
And the Weaver of Life's Tapestry,  
Gathering up the warp and woof,  
Thanks thee with praise full measure,  
Lights thee onward with its beams;  
Then on couch of well-won leisure  
Lie thee down to peaceful dreams.

## L'ENVOI

Dear Reader, think not I give this verse  
To make you smile, or weep, or frown;  
Nor ask for you to call the hearse,  
Nor have you nail the cover down;  
If you have read this, then enough  
Of pain have I inflicted on ye,  
For I can't help but write the stuff,  
So save your blows and grin upon me.

**THE END**







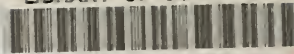








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